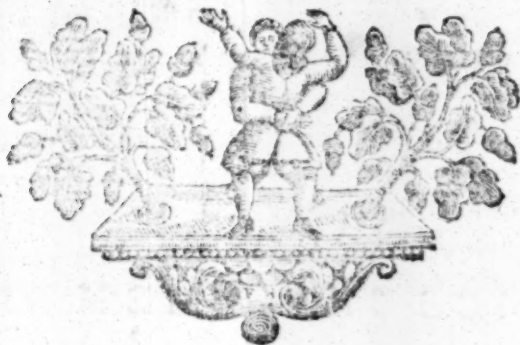


THE
SCHEMERS:
OR, THE
CITY-MATCH.

A
COMEDY.

As it is perform'd,

by W^m Bromfield



L O N D O N :

Printed for I. PRIDDEN, at the Feathers, in Fleetstreet; I. WADE, next to Grays Inn Gates, Holborn; D. HOOKHAM; in great Queen street, Lincolns-Fields; A. GORRING, in Mays-Buildings; and W. HEARD, at the Philo-librians Library, near St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

[Price One-shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

WAREHOUSE
SEATHRIFT
BANESWRIGHT, OLD PLOTWELL
disguised
PLOTWELL
TIMOTHY
NEWCUT
BRIGHT
CYPHER
QUARTFIELD
SALEWIT
ROSECLAP
Footman to AURELIA



W O M E N.

Mrs. SEATHRIFT
DORCAS
AURELIA
Mrs. HOLLAND
Mrs. SCRUPLE
MILLICENT



MOB CHAIRMEN. &c.



T H E
S C H E M E R S,
O R, T H E
C I T Y - M A T C H.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Warehouse and Seathrift.

S E A T H R I F T.



Promise you, 'twill be a most rare Plot.

Ware. The City, Mr. *Seathrift* never yet

Brought forth the like ; I would have them that have

Fin'd twice for Sheriff, mend it.

Sea. Mend it ! why ?

'Tis past the Wit o'th' Court of Aldermen.

Next Merchant-taylor that writes Chronicles

Will put us in.

Ware. For, since I took him home,

B

Though,

Though, Sir, my Nephew, as you may observe,
 Seem quite transfigur'd ; be as dutiful
 As a new Prentice ; in his Talk declaims
 'Gainst revelling Companions ; be as hard
 To be entic'd from Home as my Door-posts ;
 This Reformation may but be *his Part*,
 And he may *act* his Virtues. I have not
 Forgot his Riots at the Temple. You know, Sir—
Sea. You told me, Mr. *Warehouse*.

Ware. Not the Sea
 When it devour'd my Ships, cost me so much,
 As did his Vanities. A Voyage to th' *Indies*
 Has been lost in a Night. His daily Suits
 Were worth more than the Stock that set me up,
 For which he knew none but the Mercers Book,
 And studied that more than the Law. He had
 His Loves too, and his Mistresses ; was enter'd
 Among the philosophical Madams, was
 As great with them as their Concerners ; and, I hear
 Kept one of them in Pension.

Sea. My Son, too,
 Hath had his Errors ; I could tell the Time
 When all the Wine which I put off by Wholesale,
 He took again in Quarts, and, at the Day,
 Vintners have paid me with his large Scores. But
 He is reform'd too,

Ware. We now are Friends, Sir,
 In a Design.

Sea. And hope to be in Time
 Friends in Alliance, Sir.

Ware. I will be free.
 I think well of your Son.

Sea. Who ? *Timothy* ?
 Believe 't a virtuous Boy ; and for his Sister,
 A very Saint.

Ware. Mistake me not, I have
 The like Opinion of my Nephew, Sir ;

Yet

Yet he is young, and so is your Son; nor
Doth the Church-book say they are past our Fears;
Our Presence is their Bridle now: 'Tis good
To know them well, whom we do make our Heirs.

Sea. It is most true

Ware. Well; and how shall we know
How they will use their Fortune, or what Place
We have in their Affections, without Trial?
Some wise Men build their own Tombs; let us try,
If we were dead, whether our Heirs would cry
Oe'r their long Cloaks: This Plot will do't.

Sea. 'Twill make us
Famous upon the *Exchange* for ever. I'll home,
And take leave of my Wife and Son.

Ware. And I'll
Come to you at your Garden house. Within there—
[*Exit* Seathrift.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cypher.

Ware. Now, Cypher, where's my Nephew?

Cyph. In the Hall.

Reading a Letter, which a Footman brought
Just now to him, from a Lady, Sir.

Ware. A Lady!

Cyph. Yes, Sir, a Lady in Distress; for I
Could over-hear the Fellow say, she must
Sell her Coach-horses, and return again
To her Needle, if your Nephew don't supply her
With Money.

Ware. This is some honourable Seamstress.
I am now confirm'd: They say he keeps a Lady,
And this is she. Well, *Cypher*, 'tis too late
To change my Project now. Be sure you keep
A Diary of his Actions; strictly mark

What Company comes to him; if he stir
Out of my House, observe the Place he enters.
Watch him till he comes out: Follow him disguis'd
To all his Haunts.

Cypb. He shall not want a Spy, Sir.
But, Sir, when you are absent, if he draw not
A Lattice to your Door, and hang a Bush out——

Ware. I hope he will not make my House a
Tavern.

Cypb. Sir, I am no *Sibyl's* Son.

Ware. Peace, here he comes.

S C E N E III.

Enter Plotwell in a melancholy Posture.

Ware. Good morrow, Nephew; how now? Sad?
how comes
This Melancholy?

Plot. Can I chuse but wear
Clouds in my Face, when I must venture, Sir,
Your reverend Age to a long doubtful Voyage,
And not partake your Dangers?

Ware. Fie, these Fears,
Tho' they become you, Nephew, are ominous.
When heard you from your Father?

Plot. Never since
He made his Escape, Sir.

Ware. I hear he is in *Ireland*:
Is't true, he took your Sister with him?

Plot. So
Her Mistress thinks, Sir; one Day she left th' *Ex-
change*,
And has not since been heard of.

Ware. And Nephew,
How like you your new Course? Which Place pre-
fer you?

The *Temple*, or *Exchange*? Where are, think you,
The

The wealthier Mines, in the *Indies*, or,
Westminster Hall?

Plot. Sir, my Desires take Measure
And Form from yours.

Ware. Nay, tell me your Mind plainly,
I' th' City-tongue. I'd have you speak like *Cypher*.
I do not like quaint Figures; they do smell
Too much o' th' Inns of Court.

Plot. Sir, my Obedience
Is ready for all Impressions, which——

Ware. Again!

Plot. Sir, I prefer your Kind of Life, a Merchant.

Ware. 'Tis spoken like my Nephew: Now I
like you.

Nor shall I e'er repent the Benefits
I have bestow'd; but will forget all Errors,

[*Exit Cypher.*

As meer Seducements. And will not only be
An Uncle, but a Father to you; but then
You must be constant, Nephew.

Plot. Else I were blind
To my good Fortune, Sir.

Ware. Think, Man, how it may
In Time, make thee o' th' City Senate; and raise thee
To the Sword and Cap of Maintenance.

Plot. Yes, and I
To sleep the Sermon in my Chain and Scarlet. [*aside.*

Ware. How say you? Let's hear that.

Plot. I say, Sir, I
To sit at Sermon in my Chain and Scarlet.

Ware. 'Tis *right*; all this is very possible;
And in the Stars and Winds: Therefore, dear Ne-
phew,

You shall pursue this Course; and to enable you
In this half Year that I shall be away,
Cypher shall teach you *French, Italian, Spanish,*
And other Tongues of Traffick.

Plot.

Plot. Shall I not learn
Arithmetic too, Sir, and Short-hand?

Ware. 'Tis well remember'd : Yes, and Navigation.

Enter Cypher.

Cyph. Sir, Mr. *Seathrift* says, you will lose your Tide ;
The Boat stays for you.

Ware. Well, Nephew, at my Return
As I hear of your Carriage, you do know
What my Intentions are ; and for a Token
How much I trust your Reformation,
Take this Key of my Counting-house, and spend
Discreetly in my Absence. Farewel. Nay,
No Tears. I'll be here sooner *than you think on't*.
Cypher, you know what you have to do. [*aside.*] [*Ex.*

Cyph. I warrant you, Sir.

Plot. Tears ! Yes, my melting Eyes shall run ;
but it
Shall be such Tears as shall increase the Tide
To carry you from hence.

Cyph. Come, Mr. *Plotwell*, shall I read to you
this Morning ?

Plot. Read ! What ? How the Price
Of Sugar goes ; how many Pints of Olives
Go to a Jar ; how long Wine works at Sea ;
What Difference is in Gain between fresh Herrings,
And Herrings red ?

Cyph. This is fine ! Ha' you forgot your Uncle's
Charge ?

Plot. Prithee, what was't ?

Cyph. To learn the Tongues, and Mathematicks.

Plot. Troth,

If I have Tongue enough to say my Prayers
I th' Phrase o' th' Kingdom, I care not ; otherwise
I'm for no Tongues, but dry'd ones ; such as will
Give a Relish to my Hock ; and for Mathematicks,
I hate

I hate to travel by the Map ; methinks
'Tis riding Post.

Enter Bright and Newcut.

Cyph. I knew 'twould come to this.
Here are his Comrades.

Plot. What my *Fleet-street* Friends! [*Exit Cypher.*]

S C E N E IV.

To him Bright and Newcut.

Bright. Save you, Merchant *Plotwell.*

New. Mr. *Plotwell*, Citizen and Merchant, save
you.

Bright. Is thy Uncle gone the wish'd Voyage?

Plot. Yes, he's gone, and if
He die by the Way, hath bequeathed me but some
Twelve hundred Pounds a Year in *Kent*; some Three-
Score Thousand Pounds in Money ; besides Jewels,
Bonds,
And desperate Debts.

New. And dost not thou fall down
And pray to the Winds to sacrifice him to
Poor John and Mackrel?

Bright. Or invoke some Rock to do thee Justice?

New. Or some compendious Cannon to take him
off i'th' Middle.

Plot. And why, my tender, soft-hearted Friends?

Bright. What to take thee from the *Temple*,
To make thee an Old Jewryman ; a *Whittington?*

New. To transform thy Silk to Sagathy ; thy
Crimson

Into a Velvet Coat, so old, 't has seen

Aleppo twice ; is known to the *Great Turk* ;

Has 'scap'd three Shipwrecks, to be left off to thee,
And knows the Way to *Mexico*, as well as the Map?

Bright.

Bright. This Coat most surely was employ'd in
finding

The North-East Passage out.

Plot. Very good!

New. In *Ovid*

There is not such a *Metamorphosis*
As thou art now. To be turn'd into a Tree,
Or some handsome Beast, is courtly to this.
But for thee, *Frank*, O *Transmutation*!

Of Sattin chang'd to Kersey-Hose, I sing——

Plot. Very pleasant, Gentlemen.

Bright. And Faith, for how many Years art thou
bound?

Plot. Do you take me for a Prentice?

New. Why then, what Office

Dost thou bear in the Parish this Year? Let's feel:

No Batteries in thy Head to signify

Th'art Constable?

Bright. No furious Jug broke on it in the King's
Name?

Plot. Did you contrive this Scene by the Way,
Gentlemen?

New. No, but by the News
Thou should'st turn Tradesman, and this *Pagan* dress,
(In which, if thou should'st die, thou would'st be
damn'd

For an Usurer) is comical at the *Temple*.

Plot. Well, my conceited, orient Friends, bright
Offsprings

O'th' Female Silk-worm, and Taylor-male, I deny not
But you look well in your unpaid for Glory:
That in these Colours you set out the *Strand*,
And adorn *Fleet-street*; that you may laugh at me
Poor Working-Day o'th' City, like two Festivals
Escap'd out of the Almanack.

New. Sirrah, *Bright*,

Did'st look to hear such Language beyond *Ludgate*?

Bright.

Bright. I thought all Wit had ended at the *Temple*;
But Wit that goes o'th' Score, that may extend,
If't be a Courtier's Wit, into *Cheapside*.

Plot. Your Mercer lives there, does he? I warrant you,

He has the Patience of a burnt Heretick.
The very Faith that sold to you those Silks,
And thinks you'll pay for them, is strong enough
To save the Infidel Part o'th' World, or Antichrist.

Bright. W'are most mechanically abus'd.

New. Let's tear his Coat off.

Bright. A Match! take that Side.

Plot. Hold, hold.

Bright. How frail a Thing old Velvet is; it parts
With as much Ease and Willingness as two Cowards.

[*They tear off his Coat.*]

New. The tenderest Weed that ever fell asunder.

Plot. Ha' you your Wits? What mean you?

Bright. Go, put on

One of thy *Temple* Suits, and accompany us.

Plot. You will not strip me, will you?

New. By thy *visible Ears*, we will.

Plot. But do you know to how much Danger
You tempt me? Should my Uncle know I come
Within the Air of *Fleet-street*—

New. Will you make
Yourself fit for a Coach again, and come
Along with us?

Plot. Well, my two resolute Friends,
You shall prevail. But whither now are your
Lewd Motions bent?

New. We'll dine at *Roseclap's*; there
We shall meet Captain *Quartfield*, and his Poet;
They shall shew us another Fish.

Bright. But, by the Way, we have agreed to see
A Lady, you Mechanick.

Plot. What Lady?

New. Haft not thou heard of the new-sprung Lady?

Bright. One,
That keeps her Coachman, Footboy, Woman, and spends
A Thousand Pounds a Year by Wit.

Plot. How! Wit!

New. That is her Patrimony, Sir; 'tis thought
The Fortune she is born to, will not buy
A Bunch of Turnips.

Plot. How! Wit! Where does she live?

New. Not in *Cheapside*.

Plot. She is no Gamester, is she? Nor carries
false Dice?

Bright. No, but has a Tongue,
Wer't in a Lawyer's Mouth, would make him buy
All young Heirs near him.

Plot. But does no Man know
From whence she came?

Bright. As for her Birth, she may
Chuse her own Pedigree; it is unknown
Whether she be descended of some Ditch,
Or Dutchess.

New. She's the Wonder of the Court,
And Talk o'th' Town.

Plot. Her Name?

New. *Aurelia*.

Plot. I've heard of her, and long to see her.

Bright. I'th' Name of *Guild-hall*, who comes here?

S C E N E V.

To them Timothy.

Tim. By your Leave, Gentlemen.

Plot. Mr. *Timothy*!

Welcome from the new World. I look'd you should
Ha' past thro' Half the Signs in Heaven by this,
And

The City Match.

And ha' convers'd with the Dolphins. What, not
gone

To Sea with your Father?

Tim. No, Faith, I do not love
To go to Sea; it makes a Man lousy, lays him
In wooden Sheets, and lands him a Preservative
Against the Plague. Besides, my Mother was
Afraid to venture me.

Plot. Believe't, she's wise,
Not to trust such a Wit to a thin, frail Bark,
Where you had sail'd within three Inches of
Becoming a *Jonas*. Besides the Tossing, to have
All the fierce, blustering Faces in the Map
Swell more tempestuously upon you than
Lawyers preferr'd, or Trumpeters. — And whither
Were you bound now?

Tim. I only came to have your Judgment of my
Suit.

Plot. Surely the Taylor has done his Part.

Tim. And my Mother has done her's;
For she has paid for't. I never durst be seen
Before my Father out of Sagathy and Serge;
But if he catch me in such paltry Stuffs,
To make me look like one that lets out Money,
Let him say *Timothy* was born a Fool.
Before he went he made me do what he list;
Now he's Abroad, I'll do what I list. What
Are these two? Gentlemen?

Plot. You see they wear their Heraldry.

Tim. But I mean, can they roar,
Beat Drawers, play at Dice, and court their Mistresses?
I mean forthwith to get a Mistress.

Plot. But
How comes this, Mr. *Timothy*? You did not
Rise such a Gallant this Morning.

Tim. All's one for that.
My Mother lost her Virginity, that I

Might come first into the World, and by Gods-lid,
I'll bear myself like the Elder Brother, I.

D'you think I'll all Days of my Life frequent
Saint *Ant'lins*, like my Sister? Gentlemen,
I covet your Acquaintance.

Bright. Your Servant, Sir.

New. I shall be proud to know you.

Tim. Sir, my Knowledge

Is not much worth; I'm born to a small Fortune,
Some Hundred Thousand Pounds, if once my Father
Held up his Hands in Marble, or kneel'd in Brass.
What are you, Inns-of-Court Men?

New. The Catechism were false should we deny it.

Tim. I shall shortly

Be one myself, I learn to dance already,
And wear short Skirts.

New. This is an excellent Fellow; who is't?

Plot. Rich *Seabrist's* Son, that's gone to Sea
This Morning with my Uncle.

Bright. Is this he

Whose Sister thou should'st marry? The Wench
that brings

Ten Thousand Pounds?

Plot. My Uncle would fain have me. Faith, she's
handsome,

And had a good Wit, and I could have lov'd her;
But holy Madam *Scruple*, her sage Governess,
Has made her a rank Puritan.

New. Let's take him

Along with us, and Captain *Quartfield* shall show
him.

Plot. 'Twill be an excellent Comedy, and afterwards
I have a Project on him.

Tim. Gentlemen,

Shall we dine at an Ordinary? You
Shall enter me among the Wits.

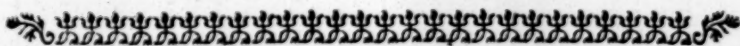
Plot. Sir, I

Will but shift Cloaths, then we'll associate you.

But

But first, you shall with us, and see a Lady,
Rich as your Father's Chests and odd Holes, and
Fresh as *Pygmalion's* Mistress, newly waken'd
Out of her Alabaster.

Tim. Lead on ;
I long to see the Lady, and to salute her. [*Exeunt.*
[*End of the First Act.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Aurelia and Dorcas.

A U R E L I A.

W H Y we shall have you get, in Time, the
Turn

Up of your Eyes, speak in the Nose, draw Sighs
Of an Ell long, and rail at Discipline.

Would I could hear from *Banefswright* ; e'er I'll be
tortur'd

With your Preciseness thus, I'll get dry Palms
With starching, and put on my Shifts myself.

Dor. Surely you may, and air them too, there
have been

Very devout and holy Women, that wore
No Shifts at all.

Aur. Such Saints, you mean, as wore
Their Congregations, and swarm'd with Christian
Vermin.

You hold clean Linen Herefy?

Dor. Surely, yes,
Clean Linen in a Surplice : That and Powders
Do bring dry Summers, make the Sicknes rage,
And the Enemy prevail. It was reveal'd
To Mrs. *Scruple*, and her Husband, who
Do verily ascribe the *German War*,

And

And the late Persecutions, to Curling,
False Teeth, and Oil of Talc.

Aur. Now she is in,
A' Lecturer will sooner hold his Peace
Than she.

Dor. And surely, as Master *Scruple* says—

Aur. That's the fanatic Preacher. One that cools
a Feast

With his long Grace, and sooner eats a Capon
Than blesses it.

Dor. And proves it verily

Out of a Book, that suffer'd Martyrdom
By Fire in *Cheapside*. Since Annulets and Bracelets,
And * Love-Locks were in Use, the Price of Sprats
Is very much increas'd; so that the Brethren,
Botchers, I mean, and such poor zealous Saints,
As earn five Groats a Week under a Stall,
By singing Psalms, and drawing up Holes,
Can't live in their Vocation, but are fain
To turn——

Aur. Old Breeches——

Dor. Surely, Teachers and Prophets.

S C E N E II.

To them *Banefwright*.

Aur. O Mr. *Banefwright*, are you come? My
Woman

Was in her preaching Fit; she only wanted
A Table's End.

Banef. Why, what's the Matter?

Aur. Never poor Lady had so much unbred
Holiness

About her Person; I am never drest
Without a Sermon; but am forc'd to prove
The Lawfulness of Curling-irons before
She'll crisp me in a Morning; I must shew

* Referring to a Book intituled, *The Unloveliness of Love-locks.*

Texts for the Fashions of my Gowns ; she'll ask
Where Jewels are commanded, or what Lady
I' th' primitive Times wore Ropes of Pearls and
Rubies :

My Toilet's her Aversion ; Her whole Service
Is a mere Confutation of my Cloathes.

Banef. Why, Madam, I assure you, Time hath been,
However she be otherwise, when she had
A good quick Wit, and would have made too a Lady
A serviceable Sinner.

Aur. She can't preserve
The Gift for which I took her ; but she'll make
The Acts and Monuments in Sweetmeats ;

————— All my Deserts
Are Persecutions ; and we eat nothing now
But candied Saints and Martyrs.

Banef. Faith, Madam, she
Was earnest to come to you ; had I known
Her Mistress had so bred her, I would first
Have preferr'd her to *New England*.

Dor. Surely, Sir,
You promis'd me, when you did take my Money,
To help me to a faithful Service, a Lady
That wou'd be sav'd, not one that loves profane
Unsanctified Fashions.

Aur. Fly my Sight,
You canting Baggage, and keep your Chamber till
You can provide yourself some Cure, or I
Will forthwith excommunicate your Zeal,
And make you a silent Waiting-woman.

Banef. Mrs. Dorcas,
If you'll be Usher to that holy learned Woman,
Your Governess, that can expound, and teach
To knit in *Chaldee*, and work *Hebrew* Samplers,
I'll help you back again.

Dor. The Motion sure is good,
And I will ponder of it.

[*Exit Dorcas.*

Aur.

The Schemers, Or,

Aur. From thy Zeal,
And from such shuffling Absurdities
Deliver me! This was of your preferring;
You must needs help me to another.

Banef. How
Would you desire her qualified, deformed,
And crooked like some Ladies, who do wear
Their Women, like black Patches, to set them off?

Aur. I need no Foil, nor shall I think I'm white
Only between two Moors: Or that my Nose
Stands wrong, because my Woman's stands right.

Banef. But you would have her secret, able to keep
Strange Sights from the Knowledge of your Husband,
When

Yo'are married, Madam,
Of a quick-feigning Head? [would have

Aur. You wrong me, *Banefswright*; she whom I
Must, to her handsome Shape, have Virtue too.

Banef. Well, Madam, I shall fit you. I do know
A cholerick Lady, who, within these three Weeks
Has, for not cutting her Corns well, put off
Three Women, and is now about to part
With the fourth, just one of your Description.
Next Change o' the Moon, or Weather, when her Feet
Do ache again, I do believe I shall
Pleasure your Ladyship.

Aur. Expect your Reward. [Exit Banefswright.

S C E N E III.

To her *Bright, Newcut, Timothy, Plotwell.*

Tim. Lady, let me taste the Elysium of your Lips.

Aur. Why, what are you?

Pray, know your Distance.

Tim. What am I, sweet Lady?

My Father is an Alderman's Fellow, and I
Hope to be one in Time.

Aur. Then, Sir, in Time,

You may be remember'd at the Quenching of
Fired Houses, when the Bells ring backward, by
Your Name upon the Buckets.

Tim. Nay, they say,
You have a good Wit, Lady, and I can find it
As soon as another : I in my Time have been
O'th' University, and should have been a Scholar.

Aur. By the Size of your Wit, Sir, had you kept
To that Profession, I can foresee
You would have been a great Persecutor of Nature,
And great Consumer of Rush-candles ; having
Contemplated yourself into ill Looks,
In Pity to so much Affliction,
You might have pass'd for learn'd : And 't may be,
If you had fallen out with the Muses, and
'Scap'd Poetry, you might have risen to Scarlet.

Tim. Here's a rare Lady, with all my Heart. By this
Light, Gentlemen, now have I no more Language
Than a dumb Parrot ; a little more she'll jeer me
Into a Fellow that turns upon his Toe
In a Steeple, and strikes Quarters.

Bright. And why should you
Be now so dainty of your Lips ? Verily,
They are not Virgins, they have tasted Man.

Aur. And may again ; but then I'll be secur'd,
For the sweet Breath o' th' Parties. If you
Will bring it me confirm'd under the Hands
Of four sufficient Ladies, that you are
Clean Men, you may chance kiss my Woman.

New. Lady,
Our Lips are made of the same Clay that yours are,
And have not been refused.

Aur. 'Tis right ; you are
Two Inns-of-Court Men.

Bright. Yes, What then ?

Aur. Known thro' all the Town
From Country-Madams, to your Glover's Wife
Or Laundress :

Or if they be employ'd, contrive small Plots
 Below Stairs with the Chambermaid ; commend
 Her fragrant Breath, which, five Yards off salutes ;
 At four deflowers a Rose ; at three kills Spiders.

New. What dangerous Truths are these ?

Aur. Ravish a Lock

From the yellow Waiting-maid ; use Stratagems
 To get her silver Whistle, and way-lay
 Her Tinsel-Knots or Bodkin.

New. Pretty, Pretty.

Bright. You think you have abus'd us now.

Aur. I'll tell you,

Had I in all the World but forty Mark,
 And were that forty Mark Mill-six-pences,
 Spur-royals, Harry-groats, or such odd Coin
 Of Husbandry, as in the King's Reign now
 Would never pass, I would despise you.

New. Lady,

Your Wit will make you die a wither'd Virgin.

Bright. We shall, in Time (when your most tyrant
 Tongue

Hath made this House a Wilderness, and you
 As unfrequented as a Statesman fallen ;
 When you shall quarrel with your Face and Glafs,
 Till from your Pencil you have rais'd new Cheeks ;)
 See you beg Suitors ; write Bills o'er your Door,
 " Here is an Antient Lady to be Let."

New. You think you are handsome now, and that
 your Eyes
 Make Star-shooting, and dart ?

Aur. 'T may be, I do.

New. May I not prosper, If I have not seen
 A better Face in Signs, or Ginger-bread !

Tim. Yes, I for two Pence oft have bought a better.

Bright. What a sweet innocent Look you have !

Plot. Fie, Gentlemen,

Abuse a harmless Lady thus ; I can't

With

With Patience hear your Blasphemies. Make me
Your second, Madam.

Tim. And make me your third.

Aur. O Prodigy ! to hear an Image speak.
Why, Sir, I took you for a Mute i' th' Hangings.
I'll tell the Faces.

Tim. Gentlemen, do I look like one of them
Trojans ?

Aur. 'Tis so ; your Face
Is missing here ; Sir, pray step back again,
And fill the Number : You, I hope, have more
Truth in you, than to filch yourself away,
And leave my Room unfurnish'd.

Plot. By this Light,
She'll send for a Constable streight, and apprehend
him
For Thievery.

Tim. Why Lady, do you think me
Wrought in a Loom ? Some *Dutch* Piece weav'd at
Fulham.

Aur. Surely you stood so simply, like a Man
Penning of Recantations, that I suspected
Y'had been a Part of the Manufacture here ;
But now I know you have a Tongue, and are
A very Man, I'll think you only dull,
And pray for better Utterance.

Plot. Lady, you make
Rash Judgment of him ; he was only struck
With Admiration of your Beauty.

Tim. Truly, and so I was.

Aur. Then you can wonder, Sir ?

Plot. Yes, when he sees such Miracles as you.

Aur. And love me, can't you ?

Tim. Love you ! By this Hand,
I'd love a Dog with your sweet Looks ; I am
Enamour'd of you, Lady.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha ! now surely

I wonder you wear not a Cap ; your Case
Requires warm Things : I'll send you forth a
Caudle. [Exit,

Tim. Had I now Pen and Ink,
If I were urg'd, I'd fain know whether I
In Conscience ought not to set down myself
No wiser than I should be ?

Plot. Gentlemen, how like you her Wit ?

Tim. Wit ! I verily
Believe she was begotten by some Wit ;
And he that has her may beget Plays on her.

New. Her Wit had need be good, it finds her
House.

Tim. Her House ! 'Tis able to find the Court ;
if she

Be chaste to all this Wit, I do not think
But that she might be shewn.

Bright. She speaks with Salt,
And has a pretty Scornfulness, which now
I've seen, I'm satisfied.

New. Come then away to *Roselap's*.

Tim. Lead on, let us dine : This Lady
Runs in my Head still.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my Lady prays
You would dismiss your Company ; she has
Some Business with you.

Plot. Gentlemen, walk softly ; I'll overtake you.

Bright. *Newcut*, 'sight, her Wit is come to pri-
vate Meetings !

New. Ay, I thought
She had some other Virtues. Well, make Haste ;
We'll stay without ; when thou hast done, inform us
What the Rate is ; if she be reasonable
We'll be her Customers.

Plot. Y'are merry, Sir.

[Exit Bright, Newcut, and Timothy,
SCENE

the City-Match.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aurelia.

Plot. Nay, Sister, you may enter ; they are gone.
I did receive your Ticket this Morning. What!
You look the Mine should run still ?

Aur. O you are
A careful Brother, to put me on a Course
That draws the Eyes o' th' Town upon me, and
makes me
Discourse for Ordinaries, then leave me in't.
I will put off my Ladyship, and return
To Mrs. Holland, and to making Shirts,
And Bands again.

Plot. I hope you will not.

Aur. I repent I left th' *Exchange*.

Plot. Faith, I should laugh
To see you there again, and there serve out
The rest of your Indentures, by managing
Your Needle well, and making Night-Caps, by
A Chafing-dish in Winter Mornings, to keep
Your Fingers pliant. How rarely 'twould become you
To run over all your Shop to Passengers
In a fine Sale Tune ?

Aur. What would you have me do ?
D'ye think I'm the *Dutch* Virgin that could live
By th' Scent of Flowers ? Or that my Family
Are all descended of Camelions,
And can be kept with Air ? Is this the Way
To get a Husband, to be in Danger to be
Shut up for House-Rent, or to wear a Gown
Out a whole Fashion, or the same Ribbons twice ?
Shortly my Neighbours will commend my Cloathes
For lasting well ; give them strange Dates, and cry,
Since your last new Gown and the blazing Star.

Plot. Prithee excuse me, Sister, I can now
Rain Showers of Silver into thy Lap again.

My

My Uncle's gone to Sea, and has left me
The Key to the Golden Fleece. Thou shalt be still
A Madam, Pen, and to maintain thy Honour,
And to new-dub thee, take this—But, Sister, I

[Gives her a Purse.

Expected you e're this, out of the Throng
Of Suitors that frequent you, should have been
Made a true Lady; not one in Type or Show.
I fear you are too scornful, look too high.

Aur. Faith, Brother, 'tis no Age to be put off
With empty Education; few will make Jointures
To Wit or good Parts. I may die a Virgin,
When some old Widow, which at every Cough
Resigns some of her Teeth, and every Night
Puts off her Leg as duly as *French Hood*,
Scarce wears her own Nose, hath no Eyes, but such
As she first bought in *Broad-street*, and ev'ry Morning
Is put together like some Instrument;
Having full Coffers, shall be woo'd, and thought
A youthful Bride.

Plot. Why, Sister, will you like
A Match of my Projection? You do know
How ruinous our Father's Fortunes are :
Before he broke, you know, there was a Contract
Between you and young *Seabrist*. What if I
Make it a Wedding?

Aur. Marry a Fool, in hopes to be a Lady-Mayorefs?

Plot. Why, Sister, I
Could name good Ladies that are fain to find
Wit for themselves, and for their Husbands too.
He's only City bred, one Month of your
Sharp Conversation will refine him; besides
How long will't be e'er your dissembled State
Meet such another Offer?

Aur. Well, Brother, you shall
Dispose of my Affections.

Plot.

Plot. Then some Time
This Afternoon I'll bring him hither; do you
Provide the Priest; your Dining-Room will serve
As well as the Church.

Aur. I will expect you. [Exit several Ways.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Captain Quartfield beating Roseclap; Salewit
and Millicent labouring to part them.*

Quart. Sirrah, I'll beat you into Air.

Rose. Good Captain.

Quart. I will, by *Hector*.

Rose. Murder, murder, murder, help!

Quart. You needy, shifting, cozening, breaking
Slave.

Mill. Nay, Mr. *Salewit*, help to part them.

Sale. Captain!

Quart. Ask me for Money, Dog!

Rose. Oh! I am kill'd!

Mill. Help, help!

Sale. Nay, Captain.

Quart. Men of my Coat pay!

Mill. I'll call in Neighbours. Murder, murder!

Quart. Rascal,

I'll make you trust, and offer me Petitions
To go o'th' Score.

Rose. Good; 'tis very good.

Mill. How does thy Head, Sweet-heart?

Rose. Away, be quiet, *Millicent*.

Sale. *Roseclap*, you'll never leave this; I did tell you
Last Time the Captain beat you, what a Lion
He is, being ask'd for Reckonings.

Mill. So you did,
Indeed, good Mr. *Salewit*; yet you must
Ever be toolish, Husband.

Sale. What if we do owe you Money, Sir, is't fit
for you

To

To ask it?

Rose. Well, Sir, there is Law; I say no more, but there is Law.

Quart. What Law, you Cur?
The Law of Nature, Custom, Arms, and Nations,
Frees Men of War from Payments.

Rose. Yes, your Arms, Captain, none else.

Quart. No Soldiers ought to pay.

Sale. Nor Poets:
All void of Money are privileged.

Mill. What would you have?
Captains and Poets, Mr. *Salewit* says,
Must never pay.

Sale. No; nor be ask'd for Money.

Rose. Still I say, there is Law.

Quart. Say that again,
And by *Bellona* I will cut thy Throat.

Mill. You long to see your Brains out.

Quart. Why, you Mungrel,
You *John* of all Trades, have we been your Guests
Since you first kept a Tavern, when you had
The Face and Impudence to hang a Bush
Out to three Pints of Claret, two of Sack,
In all the World?

Sale. After that, when you broke,
Didn't we here find you out, custom'd your House,
And help'd away your Victuals, which had else
Lain mouldy on your Hands?

Rose. You did indeed,
And never paid for't. I do not deny,
But you have been my Customers these two Years:
My Jack went not, nor Chimney smoak'd without
you.

I will go farther; your two Mouths have been
Two as good eating Mouths as need to come
Within my Doors, as curious to be pleas'd,
As if you still had eaten with ready Money;

Had

Had still the Meats in Season ; still drank more
Than your Ordinary came to. [paid for ?

Sale. And your Conscience now would have this
Rose. Surely, so I take it.

Sale. Was ever the like heard ?

Quart. 'Tis most unreasonable,
He has a harden'd Conscience. Sirrah, Cheater,
You would be question'd for your Reckoning, Rogue.

Rose. Do you inform.

Quart. I heard one of the Sheriffs
Paid for the boiling of a Carp a Mark.

Sale. Most unheard-of Exactions !

Quart. Then remember
How you rate Sallads, *Roseclap* ; one may buy
Gardens as cheap.

Rose. Yet surely, noble Captain,
No Man had Reckonings cheaper than yourself,
And Mr. *Salewit* here.

Quart. How cheap ?

Rose. I say
No more, good Captain ; not to pay is cheap,
A Man would think ; you've sworn to pay this
Twelve-month.

Quart. Peace ! you loud, bawling Cur ; do you
disgrace me
Before the Gentlemen ? See if I don't kill you.

S C E N E VI.

To them Bright, Newcut, Timothy and Plotwell.

Bright. Save you Captain *Quartfield*, and my
brave Wit,
My Man of *Helicon*, salute this Gentleman,
He is a City Wit.

New. A Corporation went to the bringing of
him forth.

Quart. I embrace him.

Sale. And so do I.

E

Tim.

Tim. You are a Poet, Sir, and can make Verses,
I hear.

Sale. I am Servant to the Muses.

Tim. I have made
Some Speeches, Sir, in Verse, which have been spoke
By a Green Robin Goodfellow, from *Cheapside*
Conduit,

To my Father's Company; and mean this Afternoon
To make an Epithalamium upon my Wedding.
A Lady fell in Love with me this Morning:
Ask Mr. *Francis* here.

Plot. 'Heart, you spoil all,
Did not I charge you to be silent.

Tim. That's true;
I had forgot. You are a Captain, Sir?

Quart. I have seen Service, Sir.

Tim. Captain, I love
Men of the Sword, and Buff; and if need were
I can roar too; and hope to swear in Time
Do you see, Captain.—(Captain! I'll tell you what,
A Lady fell in Love with me this Morning) [*Aside.*

Plot. Nay, Captain, we have brought you
A Gentleman of Valour, who has been
In *Moorfields* often; marry, it has been
To 'squire his Sisters, and demolish Custards
At *Pimlico*.

Quart. Afore me, Mr. *Plotwell*,
I never hop'd to see you in Silk again.

Sale. I look'd the next *Lord Mayor's Day* to see
you o'th' Livery.

Quart. What is your Uncle dead?

Plot. He may in Time; he's gone
To Sea this Morning, Captain; and I am come
Into your Order again. But hark you, Captain,
What think you of a Fish now?

Quart. Mad Wags, mad Wags.

New. By Heaven its true; here we have brought
one with us.

Rich *Seathrift's* Son; he'll make a rare Sea-Monster.

Quart.

Quart. And shall's be merry i' faith?

Bright. *Salewit* shall make

A Song upon him,
And *Roseclap's* Boy shall sing it.

Sale. We have the Properties all ready.

Quart. And if I

At Dinner do not give him Sea enough,
And afterwards, if I and *Salewit* do not
Shew him much better than he that shews the Tombs,
Let me be turn'd into a Sword-fish myself.

Plot. A natural Change for a Captain. How now
Roseclap,

Pensive, and cursing the long Vacation?
Thou look'st as if you meant to break shortly.

Rose. Ask the Captain, why I am sad?

Quart. Faith, Gentlemen,
I disciplin'd him for his Rudeness.

Plot. Why these
Are Judgments, *Roseclap,* for dear Reckonings.

Tim. Art thou the Half-crown Fellow of the
House?

Rose. I do keep the Ordinary, Sir.

Tim. Let's have Wine enough;

I mean, to drink a Health to a Lady. Hark you!
A Lady fell in Love with me this Morning. [*aside.*

Plot. Will you betray your Fortune? One of
Will go and tell her who you are, and spoil [them
The Marriage.

Tim. No, Peace! Gentlemen, if you'll go in,
we'll follow.

Rose. Please you enter, Dinner shall straight be
set upon the Board.

Bright. We'll expect you; come, Gentlemen.

Tim. But, Mr. *Francis,* was that the Business why
Call'd you back? [she

Plot. Believe it,
Your Mother's Shift shin'd at your Birth, or else
You wear some Charm about you.

Tim. Not I, truly.

Plot. It cannot be, she shou'd so strangely doat
Upon you else: 'sight, had you stay'd, I think
She wou'd have woo'd you herself.

Tim. Now I remember,
One read my Fortune once, and told my Father
That I should match a Lady.

Plot. How Things fall out!

Tim. And did she ask you who I was?

Plot. I told her you were a young Knight.

Tim. Good.

Plot. And that a great Man
Did mean to beg you — for his Daughter.

Tim. Most rare; this Afternoon's the Time.

Plot. Faith, she
Looks you should use a little Courtship first;
That done, let me alone to have the Priest
In Readiness.

Tim. But were I not best ask my Friends Consent?

Plot. How, Friends Consent? That's fit
For none but Farmers Sons and Milkmaids. You
shall not

Debase your Judgment. She takes you for a Wit,
And you shall match her like one.

Tim. Then I will.

Plot. But no more Words to the Gallants.

Tim. Do you think I am a Sieve, and cannot
[hold?

Enter Roseclap.

Rose. Gentlemen, the Company are fate.

Tim. It shall be your's.

Plot. Nay, Sir, your Fortune claims Precedency.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Warehouse, Seatbrist, Cypher.

Ware. Fetch'd abroad by two Templers, say you!

Cypb. Yes, Sir,
As soon as you were gone; he only staid

To

To put on other Cloaths,

Sea. You say, my Son

Went with them too?

Cyph. Yes, Sir.

Ware. And whither went they?

Cyph. I follow'd them to *Roseclap's* Ordinary.

Ware. And there you left them?

Cyph. Yes, Sir, just before
I saw some Captains enter.

Sea. Well; I give

My Son for lost, undone, past Hope.

Ware. There is

No more but this; we'll thither straight: You Cy-
Have your Instructions. *[Cypher]*

Cyph. Sir, let me alone
To make the Story doleful.

Ware. Go make you ready then. *[Exit Cypher.]*
Now, Mr. *Seathrift*, you may see what these
Young Men would do left to themselves.

Sea. My Son
Shall know he has a Sister.

Ware. And my Nephew,
That once he had an Uncle. To leave Land
Unto an Unthrift, is to build on Sand.

[End of the Second Act.]

A C T

Plot. It cannot be, she shou'd so strangely doat
Upon you else: 'sight, had you stay'd, I think
She wou'd have woo'd you herself.

Tim. Now I remember,
One read my Fortune once, and told my Father
That I should match a Lady.

Plot. How Things fall out!

Tim. And did she ask you who I was?

Plot. I told her you were a young Knight.

Tim. Good.

Plot. And that a great Man
Did mean to beg you——for his Daughter.

Tim. Most rare; this Afternoon's the Time.

Plot. Faith, she
Looks you should use a little Courtship first;
That done, let me alone to have the Priest
In Readiness.

Tim. But were I not best ask my Friends Consent?

Plot. How, Friends Consent? That's fit
For none but Farmers Sons and Milkmaids. You
shall not

Debase your Judgment. She takes you for a Wit,
And you shall match her like one.

Tim. Then I will.

Plot. But no more Words to the Gallants.

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[hold?

Enter Roseclap.

Rose. Gentlemen, the Company are fate.

Tim. It shall be your's.

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[*Exeunt.*

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Cyph. Yes, Sir,

As soon as you were gone; he only staid

To

To put on other Cloaths,

Sea. You say, my Son
Went with them too?

Cyph. Yes, Sir.

Ware. And whither went they?

Cyph. I follow'd them to *Roseclap's* Ordinary.

Ware. And there you left them?

Cyph. Yes, Sir, just before
I saw some Captains enter.

Sea. Well; I give
My Son for lost, undone, past Hope.

Ware. There is
No more but this; we'll thither straight: You Cy-
Have your Instructions. [*pher*]

Cyph. Sir, let me alone
To make the Story doleful.

Ware. Go make you ready then. [*Exit Cypher.*]
Now, Mr. *Seabrist*, you may see what these
Young Men would do left to themselves.

Sea. My Son
Shall know he has a Sister.

Ware. And my Nephew,
That once he had an Uncle. To leave Land
Unto an Unthrif, is to build on Sand.

[*End of the Second Act.*]

A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Bright, Newcut, Plotwell, Roseclap,
Hanging out the Picture of a strange Fish.*

B R I G H T.

'FORE Jove, the Captain fox'd him rarely.
Rose. O, Sir,

He is used to it; this is the fifth Fish now,
That he hath shewn thus. One got him Twenty
New. How, Roseclap? [Pound.

*Rose. Why, the Captain kept him, Sir,
A whole Week drunk, and shew'd him twice a Day.
New. It could not be like this.*

*Rose. Faith, I do grant,
This is the strangest Fish. Yonder I have hung
His other Picture in the Fields, where some
Say 'tis an o'er-grown Porpoise; others say,
'Tis the Fish caught in Cheshire; one, to whom
The rest agree, said, 'twas a Mermaid.*

*Plot. S'light,
Roseclap shall have a Patent of him. The Birds
Brought from Peru, the hairy Wench, the Camel,
The Elephant, Dromedaries, or Windsor Castle,
The Woman with dead Flesh, or she that washes,
Threads Needles, writes, dresses her Children, plays
O' th' Virginals with her Feet, could never draw
People like this.*

*New. O, that his Father were
At Home to see him!*

*Plot. Or his Mother come,
Who follows strange Sights out of Town, and went
To*

To Brentford to a Puppet-show.

Bright. Bid the Captain hasten, or he'll recover,
Rose. They're here. [and spoil all.

S C E N E II.

Enter *Quartfield* and *Salewit* drest like two Trumpeters, keeping the Door. *Mrs. Seatbrist* and *Mrs. Holland*, with a Prentice before them as Comers in.

Quart. Bear back there !

Sale. Pray you, do not press so hard.

Quart. Make Room for the two Gentlewomen.

Mrs. Sea. What is't ?

Sale. Twelve Pence a-piece.

Mrs. Hol. We will not give't.

Quart. Make Room for them that will then.

Plot. O Fortune, here's his Mother.

Bright. And who's the other ?

Plot. One *Mrs. Holland*, the great Seamstress on the Exchange.

Mrs. Hol. We gave but a Groat to see the last Fish.

Quart. Gentlewoman, that was but an *Irish* Stur-

Sale. This came from [geon.

The *Indies*, and eats five Crowns a Day in Fry,
Ox-livers, and brown Paste.

Mrs. Sea. Well, There's three Shillings ;
Pray let us have good Places now.

Quart. Bear back there.

Mrs. Hol. Look, *Mrs. Seatbrist*, here be Gentle-
Sure 'tis a rare Fish. [men.

Mrs. Sea. I know one of 'em.

Mrs. Hol. And so do I, his Sister was my Prentice.

Mrs. Sea. Let's take Acquaintance with him.

Plot. *Mrs. Seatbrist*, hath the Sight drawn you

Mrs. Sea. Yes, Sir, I, [hither?

And *Mrs. Holland* here, my Gossip, pass'd

This

This Way, and so call'd in ; pray, Mr. *Plotwell*,
Is not my Son here ? I was told he went
With you this Morning.

Plot. You shall see him straight.

Mrs. Hol. When will the Fish begin, Sir ?

Bright. 'Heart, she makes him a Puppet-play.

Plot. Why, now, they only stay
For Company ; 't has founded twice.

Mrs. Sea. Indeed,
I long to see this Fish ; I wonder whether
They will cut up his Belly, they say a Tench
Will make him whole again.

Mrs. Hol. Look, Mrs *Seathrift*, what Claws he

Mrs. Sea. For all the World like Crabs. [has !

Mrs. Hol. Nay, mark his Feet too.

Mrs. Sea. For all the World like Plaice !

Bright. Was ever better Sport heard ?

New. Pr'ythee, Peace.

Mrs. Hol. Pray, can you read that ? Sir, I warrant,
That tells where 'twas caught, and what Fish 'tis.

Plot. *Within this Place is to be seen,*

A wondrous Fish. God save—the Queen.

Mrs. Hol. Amen.

She is my Customer, and I
Have sold her Bone-lace often.

Quart. Bear back there.

Friend, that was going to cut a Purse there, make
Way, for the two old Gentlemen to pass. [you

Enter *Warehouse* and *Seathrift* disguis'd.

Ware. What must we give ?

Quart. We take a Shilling, Sir.

Sale. It is no less.

Sea. Pray Heav'n your Fish be worth it !
What is't a Whale, you take so dear ?

Quart. It is Fish taken in the *Indies*.

Ware. Pray, dispatch then, and shew't us quickly.
Sale.

Sale. Pray forbear, you'll have your Head broke,
Cobler.

Ware. Yonder is my Nephew, in his old Gal-
Sea. Who's there too? My Wife, [lantry.
And Mrs. *Holland*? Nay, I look'd for them.
But where is my wife Son?

Ware. Mafs, I fee not him.

Quart. Keep out, Sir.

Sale. Waterman, you must not enter.

[*Cypher presses in like a Waterman.*

Quart. This is no Place for Scullers.

Cyph. I must needs speak with one Mr. *Plotwell*.

Quart. You must stay.

Sale. Thrust him out. [*They thrust him out.*

Cyph. And one Mr. *Seathrift*, on urgent Business.

Sale. They are yet employ'd

In weightier Affairs; make fast the Door. [Boy.

Quart. There shall no more come in: Come in

Sea. Don't they speak as if my Son were in the
Room?

Ware. Yes, pray observe, and mark them.

Quart. Gentlemen,

And Gentlewomen, you now shall see a Sight,

Europe never shew'd the like; behold this Fish!

[*Draws a Curtain, behind it Timothy asleep like a
strange Fish.*]

Mrs. Hol. O strange, look how it sleeps!

Bright. Just like a Salmon upon a Stall in *Fish-
Street*.

Mrs. Sea. How it snorts too! Just like my Huf-

Ware. 'Tis very like a Man. [band.

Sea. 'T has such a Nose and Eyes.

Quart. Why, 'tis a Man-Fish;

An Ocean-Centaur, begot between a Siren

And a He-Stock-Fish.

Sea. Pray, where took ye him?

Quart. We took him strangely in the *Indies*, near
The Mouth of *Rio de la Plata*, asleep
Upon the Shore just as you see him now.

Mrs. Hol. How say ye? Asleep?

Ware. How! Would he come to Land?

Sea. 'Tis strange a Fish should leave his Element.

Quart. Ask *him* what Things the Country told

Sale. You

[*us.*

Will scarce believe it now. This Fish would walk
you

Two or three Miles o' th' Shore sometimes; break
Houses,

Rob Henroosts, suck the Eggs, then run to Sea again.

Quart. The Country has been laid, and Warrants
To apprehend him. [granted

Ware. I do suspect these Fellows;
They lye as if they had a Patent for it.

Sea. The Company,
Should every one believe his Part, would scarce
Have Faith enough among us.

Ware. Mark again.

Sale. The States of *Holland* would have bought
Out of a great Design. [him of us,

Sea. Indeed!

Sale. They offer'd a thousand Dollars.

Quart. You cannot enter yet. [Some Knocking.]

Ware. Indeed, so much; Pray what to do?

Sale. Why, Sir,

They were in Hope, in Time, to make this Fish
Of Faction 'gainst the *Spaniard*, and do Service
Unto the State.

Sea. As how?

Sale. Why, Sir, next Plate-Fleet,
To dive, bore Holes i' th' Bottoms of their Ships,
And sink them: You must think a Fish like this
May be taught *Machiavel*, and make a State-Fish.

Plot. As Dogs are taught to fetch.

New. Or Elephants do dance on Ropes.

Bright. And pray, what Honour would
The States have given him for the Service?

Quart. That, Sir, is uncertain. [be Admiral.

Sale. Ha' made him some Sea-Count; or't may
Plot.

Plot. Then, Sir, in Time,
Dutch Authors that write *Mare Liberum*
 Might dedicate their Books to him.

Sale. Yes, [Boy.
 Being a Fish advanced, and of great Place, Sing,
 You now shall hear a Song upon him.

Bright. Listen.

New. Do they not act it rarely? [it better.

Plot. If 'twere their Trade, they could not do

Sea. Hear you that, Sir?

Ware. Still I suspect.

Mrs. Hol. I warrant you, this Fish
 Will shortly be in a Ballad.

Sale. Begin, Boy.

S O N G.

We shew no monstrous Crocodile,
 Nor any Prodigy of *Nile*;
 No Sea-horse which can trot or pace,
 Or swim, false gallop, post or race.
 The like to this Fish, which we shew,
 Was ne'er in *Fish street*, Old, or New;
 Had old Astronomers but seen
 This Fish, none else in Heaven had been.

Mrs. Hol. The Song has waken'd him, look,
 he stirs.

Tim. Oh, Captain, Pox—take—you—Captain.

Mrs. Sea. Hark! he speaks.

Ware. How's this?

Sea. I'll pawn my Life, this is Imposture.

Tim. Oh——Oh——

Plot. 'Heart, the Captain did not give him his
 full Load.

Ware. Can your Fish
 Speak, Friends? The Proverb says they're mute.

Quart. I'll tell you.

You will admire how docile he is; and how
 He'll imitate a Man; tell him your Name,

He will repeat it after you ; he has heard me
 Call Captain, and my Fellow curse sometimes ;
 And now you heard him say, Pox-take you,
New. Strange ! [Captain.

Bright. Ay, is it not ?

Plot. The Towardness of a Fish !

Sea. Would you think it, when we caught him,
 Speak [he should

Drake, Drake.

Bright. And did he ?

Quart. Yes, and *Hawkins* too,
 A sign he was a Fish that swam there, when
 Those two compass'd the World.

New. How should he learn
 Their Names ?

Quart. Why, from the Sailors.

New. Oh ! that may be.

Tim. O Gad ! my Head !

Quart. D'you hear him ?

Sea. I'll lay my Life

This Fish is some Confed'rate,
 I'th the Cheat.

Quart. Pray, stand off, Gentlemen, the Fish is tired
 With talking all this Day. Thar, and the Heat
 Of Company about him, dull him.

Ware. Surely,
 My Friends, it is to me a Miracle,
 To hear a Fish speak thus.

Quart. So Sirs, 't has been to Thousands more,

Sea. Mayn't I ask him some Questions ?

Quart. Yes, Sir, you may, but he
 Will answer none but us ; he's us'd to us,
 And knows our Voices ; you may open the Door —
 [Draws the Curtain before Tim.

All's over now. [a knocking at the Door.

Ware. Well, my Belief doth tell me
 These are a Pack of Cheaters.

Sea. But I marvel
 My wise Son miss'd this shew.

Quar

Quart. Good People we,
Do shew no more to Day ; if you desire
To see, come to us in *King's-Street* to-morrow.

Mrs Hol. Come, Gossip, let us go, the Fish is
done. [dainty Fish !

Mrs Sea. By your Leave, Gentlemen. Truly a
[*Exit Mrs. Hol. Mrs. Sea. and Prentice.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter to them Cypher like a Waterman.

Cyph. Pray, which is Mr *Plotwell* ?

Plot. I'm he, Friend,
What is your Business ?

Cyph. Sir, I should speak
With young Mr. *Seathrift* too.

Plot. Sir, at this Time,
Although no Crab like you, to swim backward, he is
Of your Element.

Cyph. Upon the Water ?

Plot. No,
But something that lives in't. If you but stay
'Till he have slept himself a Land-Creature, you may
Chance to see him come ashore here.

Cyph. He is in drink, Sir, is he ?

Plot. Surely, Friend, you are a Witch, he is so.

Cyph. Then I must tell the News to you ; 'tis sad.

Plot. I'll hear't as sadly.

Cyph. Your Uncle Sir, and Mr. *Seathrift* are
Both drown'd, some eight Miles below *Greenwich*.

Plot. Drown'd ! [one

Cyph. They went i'th' Tilt-Boat, Sir, and I was
O'th' Oars that row'd 'em ; a Coal-ship did o'er-run us,
I 'scap'd by swimming ; the two old Gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and sunk together.

Bright. How some Men's Prayers are heard !
We did invoke ['em.
The Sea this Morning, and see the *Thames* has took

Plot. It cannot be ; such good News, Gentlemen,
Cannot be true.

Ware-

He will repeat it after you ; he has heard me
 Call Captain, and my Fellow curse sometimes ;
 And now you heard him say, Pox-take you,

New. Strange !

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 A sign he was a Fish that swam there, when
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 Of Company about him, dull him.

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 Will answer none but us ; he's us'd to us,
 And knows our Voices ; you may open the Door —

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 These are a Pack of Cheaters.

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 My wife Son mis'd this shew.

Quar

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To see, come to us in *King's-Breet* to-morrow.

Mrs Hol. Come, Gossip, let us go, the Fish is
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Mrs Sea. By your Leave, Gentlemen. Truly a
[*Exit Mrs. Hol. Mrs. Sea. and Prentice.*]

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We did invoke ['em.
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Plot. It cannot be ; such good News, Gentlemen,
Cannot be true.

Ware-

Ware. 'Tis very certain, Sir,
'Twas talk'd upon the *Exchange*.

Sea. We heard it too

In *Paul's* now as we came.

Plot. There, Friend, there is
A Fare for you ; I'm glad you 'scap'd ; I had
Not known the News so soon else.

[*Gives him Money.*]

Cyph. Sir, excuse me.

Plot. Sir, it is Conscience ; I do believe you might
Sue me in Chancery.

Cyph. Sir, you show the Virtues of an Heir.

Ware. Are you rich *Warehouse's* Heir, Sir ?

Plot. Yes, Sir ; his transitory Pelf,
And some twelve Hundred Pounds a Year in Earth,
Is cast on me. Captain, the Flour is come ;
You shall no more drink Ale—No, we will charge,
And discharge, with the rich, the valiant Grape.

Quart. I shall be glad to thank you in a Bumper ;
I shall love Scotch Coal for this Wreck the better,
As long as I know Fewel.

Plot. Then my Poet
No longer shall write Catches, or thin Sonnets,
But shall come forth a *Sophocles*, and write
Things for the Buskin.

Sale. *Frank*, thou now shalt be
My *Phæbus*, and my first Dramatic Poem
Shall be thy Uncle's Tragedy, or the Life
And Death of two rich Merchants.

Plot. And now, i'faith, Gentlemen,
What think you of our Fish ?

Ware. Why, as we ought, Sir, strangely.

Bright. But do you think it is a very Fish ?

Sea. Yes.

New. 'Tis a Man.

Plot. This valiant Captain, and this Man of Wit,
First fox'd him, then transform'd him. We will
wake him,

And

And tell him the News. Ho, Mr. *Timothy*!

Tim. Plague take you, Captain.

Sea. Death of my Soul, my Son. [*Aside.*]

Plot. What, does your Sack work still?

Tim. Where am I?

Plot. Come, y' have slept enough.

Bright. Mr. *Timothy*!

How in the Name of fresh Cod came you chang'd
Into a Sea-Calf thus?

New. 'Slight, Sir, here be

Two Fishmongers to buy you; beat the Price,
[*Pointing to Warehouse and Seathrift.*]

Now you're awake yourself.

Tim. How's this? My Hands

Transmuted into Claws? My Feet made Flounders?

Array'd in Fins, and Scales? Are n't you

Asham'd to make me such a Monster? Pray

Help to undress me.

Plot. We have rare News for you.

Tim. No Letter from the Lady, I hope.

Plot. Your Father,

And my grave Uncle, Sir, are cast away.

Tim. How?

Plot. They by this have made a Meal

For Jacks and Salmon: They are drown'd.

Bright. Fall down,

And worship Sea-Coals, for a Ship of them

Has made you, Sir, an Heir.

Plot. This Fellow here

Brings the auspicious News: and these two Friends
Of our's confirm it.

Cyph. 'Tis too true, Sir.

Tim. Well,

We are all mortal; but in what wet Case

Had I been now, if I had gone with him!

Within this Fortnight I had been converted

Into some Pike; you might ha' cheapen'd me

In

In *Fish-street*; I had made an Ordinary,
 Perchance at the *Mermaid*. Now could I cry,
 Like an Image in a Fountain, which
 Runs Lamentations. O my hard Misfortune!

[*Feigns to weep.*]

Sea. Fie, Sir, good Truth, it is not manly in you,
 To weep for such a slight Loss as a Father.

Tim. I do not cry for that.

Sea. No?

Tim. No, but to think,
 My Mother is not drown'd too.

Sea. I assure you,
 And that's a shrew'd Mischance.

Tim. For them might I
 Ha'gone to th' Counting-House, and set at Liberty
 Those harmless Angels, which for many Years
 Have been condemn'd to Darknefs.

Plot. You'd not do
 Like your penurious Father, who was wont
 To walk his Dinner out in *Paul's*, whilst you
 Kept *Lent* at Home, and had, like Folks in Sieges,
 Your Meals weigh'd to you.

New. Indeed, they say he was
 A Monument of *Paul's*.

Tim. Yes, he was there
 As constant as Duke *Humphry*. I can show
 The Prints where he sat, Holes i'th' Logs.

Plot. He wore
 More Pavement out with walking, than would make
 A Row of new Stone Saints, and yet refus'd
 To give to th' Reparation.

Bright. I've heard
 He'd make his Jack go empty, to cozen Neighbours.

Plot. Yes, when there was not Fire enough to
 warm

A Mastick-Patch to apply to his Wife's Temples,
 In great Extremity of Tooth-ach. This is
 True, Mr. *Timothy*, is't not?

Tim.

Tim. Yes: Then Linnen
To us was stranger than to Capuchins.
My Flesh is of an Order with wearing Shirts
Made of the Sacks that brought o'er Cochineal,
Copperas, and Indigo. My Sister wears
Shifts made of Currant-Bags.

Sea. I'll not endure it;
Let's show ourselves.

Ware. Stay, let us hear all first.

New. Thy Uncle was such another.
I have heard
He still, the last left the Exchange; and would com-
mend
The Wholesomeness o' th' Air in *Moorfields*, when
The Clock struck three sometimes.

Plot. Surely myself,
Cypher his Factor and an ancient Cat,
Did keep strict Diet, had our *Spanish* Fare,
Four Olives among three. My Uncle would
Look fat with fasting; I ha' known him surfeit
Upon a Bunch of Raisins; swoon at the Sight
Of a whole Joint, and rise an Epicure
From half an Orange.

Ware. Gentlemen, 'tis false.
Cast off your Cloud. [*They undisguise.*]
Do you know me, Sir?

Plot. My Uncle!

Sea. And do you know me, Sir?

Tim. My Father!

Ware. Nay,
We'll open all the Plot, reveal yourself.
[*Cypher discovers.*]

Plot. *Cypher*, the Waterman!

Quart. *Salewit*, away!
I feel a Tempest coming. [*Exit Quart. and Salewit.*]

Ware. Are you struck
With a Torpedo, Nephew?

G

Sea.

Sea. Ha' you seen too
A Gorgon's Head, that you stand speechless? or
Are you a Fish in earnest?

Bright. It begins to thunder.

[*Ex. Bright and Newcut.*

Ware. Now, Mr. *Seathrift*,
You see what Mourners we had had, had we
Been wreck'd in earnest. My griev'd Nephew here
Had made my Cellar flow with Tears, our Funerals
Had been bewail'd in Bumpers.

Sea. At our Graves
Your Nephew and my Son had made a Panegyrick,
And open'd all our Virtues.

Ware. Ungrateful Monster!

Sea. Unnatural Villain!

Ware. Thou Enemy to my Blood!

Sea. Thou worse than Parricide!

Ware. Next my Sins, I do
Repent I am thy Uncle,

Sea. And I, thy Father.

Ware. Death o' my Soul! Did I, when first thy
Father

Broke in Estate, and then broke from the Counter,
Where Mr. *Seathrift* laid him in the Hold
For Debt; did I then take thee from the Dust,
Give thee free Education; put thee in
My own fair Way of Traffick; nay design
To leave thee Jewels, Land, my whole Estate,
Pardon'd thy former Wildness, and could'st thou sort
Thyself with none but idle Gallants, Captains,
And Poets, who must plot before they eat,
And make each Meal a Stratagem? Then could none
But I be Subject of thy impious Scoffs?

*I swoon at Sight of Meat? I rise a Glutton
From half an Orange? Wretch, but I will take
A full Revenge. Make thee my Heir! I'll first
Adopt some Slave, or—to defeat thee—marry.*

Cypher,

Cypher, go find me *Baneswright*; he shall streight
Provide me a Wife. I will not stay to let
My Resolution cool. Be she a Wench,
That every Day puts on her Dowry, wears
Her Fortunes, has no Portion, so she be
Young and likely to be fruitful, I'll have her:
By all that's good, I will; this Afternoon!
I will about it strait.

Sea. I follow you. [*Ex. Warehouse and Cypher.*
And as for you, *Tim*, *Triton*, *Mermaid*, *Haddock*,
The wondrous *Indian* Fish caught near *Peru*,
Who can be of both Elements, your SIGHT
Will keep you well. Here I do cast thee off,
And in thy Room pronounce to make thy Sister
My Heir; it would be most unnatural
To leave a Fish one's Land. 'Las! Sir, one of your
Bright Fins and Gills must swim in Seas of Sack,
Spout rich Canaries up like Whales in Maps;
I know you'll not endure to see my *Jack*
Go empty, nor wear Shirts of Copperas-bags,
Nor fast in Pauls, you. I do hate thee now,
Worse than a Tempest, Quicksand, Pirate, Rock,
Or fatal Lake; ay, or a Custom-House Officer.
Go let the Captain make you drunk, and let
Your next Change be into some Ape, ('tis stale
To be a Fish twice) or some active Baboon.
When you can jump to th' King, do all your Feats,
If your fine Chain and yellow Coat come near
The Exchange, I'll see you; so I leave you. [*Ex. Sea.*
Plot. Now

Were there a dext'rous Beam and two Penny worth
Hemp,
Never had Man such Cause to hang himself.

Tim. I have brought myself to a fine Pass too. Now
I'm only fit to be caught, and put
Into a Pond, to herd with Carps, and Gudgeons.

The Schemers: Or,
SCENE IV.

To them Quarterfield and Salewit.

Quart. How now, mad Lads, what! is the Storm broke up.

Sale. What sad, like broken Gamesters! Mr. *Timothy,*

S'light who would think your Father should lay Wheels

To catch you thus?

Tim. If ever I be drunk
With Captains more——

Plot. Where's *Bright* and *Newcut*?

Sale. They
Were sent for to the *Temple*; but left Word,
They would be here at Supper.

Plot. They're sure Friends,
To leave us in Distress!

Quart. What a mad Plot
These two old Merchants had contriv'd to feign
A Voyage, then to hunt you out disguis'd,
And hear themselves abused?

Sale. We heard all.

Quart. If I had staid, they had paid me for a Captain.

Sale. They had a Fling at me. But do you think
Your Uncle in this furious Mood will marry?

Plot. He deeply swore it; if he do, the Slight
Upon the Cards, the hollow Dye, *Park-Corner*
And *Shooter's-Hill*, are my Revenue.

Tim. Yes:

And as for me, my Destiny will be
Some Place perchance i' th' Hospital, to keep me
From begging on Bridges, and from selling Tooth-
Picks.

Enter Roseclap.

Rose. Yonder's your Uncle at the Field-Door,
talking

With *Banefwright*, as hot and earnest for a Wench,
As a fresh landed Sailor.

Quart.

Quart. What is this *Banefwright*?

Sale. A Fellow much employ'd about the Town
That contrives Matches. One that brings together
Parties, that never saw or never met,
Till't be for good and all. And at an Hour's
Warning

Can make Things ready for the Priest.

Quart. Let us
Devise to get him hither and cross the Match—

Plot. I have great Interest in him, the Fellow loves
me.

Could I speak with him and draw him to be
An Actor in't, I have a Stratagem,
That can redeem all, and turn the Plot
Upon these sage Heads.

Enter Banefwright.

Sale. By *Minerva*, look!
Here's *Banefwright*!

Plot. Mr. *Banefwright*!

Banef. Save you, Gallants.

Plot. You are employed, I hear, to find a Wife out
For my young sprightly Uncle.

Banef. Sir, he has
Retain'd me to that Purpose. I just now
Came from him.

Plot. And do you mean the Match
Shall then proceed?

Banef. I have a Ledger Wench
In Readiness; he is gone to put himself
Into fit Ornament, for the Solemnity,
I'm to provide the Priest and Licence; we go
Some two Hours hence to Church.

Quart. Death! you Pander,
Forbid the Banes, or I will cut your Wizen,
And spoil your Squiring in the Dark; I've heard
Of your lewd Function, Sirrah! Rascal!

Banef.

Banes. Good Sir,
Threaten me not in my Vocation.

Plot. Why, *Baneswright*, you can be but paid; say I
Procure the Wench, a Friend of mine; and double
Your Bargain: Such a fair Reward methinks
Should make thee of my Project. Thou dost know
My Fortunes are engaged, and thou may'st be
The happy Instrument to recover 'em.
Be my good Angel once! I have a Plot
Shall make thee famous.

Quart. By *Mars*, deny, and I
Will act a Tragedy upon thee.

Banes. Gentlemen,
I am a Friend to Wit, but more to you, Sir,
[*To Plot.*

Of whose Misfortunes I will not be guilty.
Though then your Uncle has employ'd me, and
Has deeply sworn to wed this Afternoon,
A Wife of my providing; if you can
O'er reach the angry Burgefs, Sir, and bring
His Wisdom to the Ginn, shew me the Way,
I'll help to lay the Trap.

Quart. Now thou art
An honest-hearted Pimp, thou shalt for this
Be drunk in Vine-dee, Rascal; I'll begin
A Runlet to thee.

Plot. Gentlemen, let's in,
I'll tell you my Design; you *Salewit* must
Transform yourself to a *French* Deacon, I
Have Parts for *Bright* and *Newcut* too, a Mischief
Upon their Absence!

Sale. We will fend for 'em.

Plot. And for Mr. *Timothy*, I have a Project
Shall make his Father everlastingly
Admire his Wit, and ask him Blessing.

Quart. Come,

Let's

Let's in and drink a Health to our Success.

Tim. I'm for no Healths, unless the Glas be less.

Quart. We'll drink like Fishes.

Tim. Then pray take my Dress. [Exeunt.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Seathrift, *Mrs.* Seathrift, *Mrs.* Holland, *Mrs.* Scruple.

Sea. I Did commit her to your Charge, that you Might breed her, *Mrs. Scruple*, and do require Her at your Hand. Here be fine Tricks indeed, My Daughter *Susan* to be stolen a Week, And you conceal it; you were of the Plot, I do suspect you.

Mrs. Scru. Sir, will you but hear me Meekly?

Sea. No, I will never trust again A Woman with white Eyes, that can take Notes, And write a Comment on the Catechism. All your Devotion's false; is't possible She could be gone without your Knowledge?

Mrs. Scru. Will you Attend me, Mr. *Seathrift*? If my Husband, To wean her from Love-Courses, did not take More pains with her than with his *Tuesday* Lectures, And if I did not every Day expound Some good Things to her 'gainst the Sin o' th' Flesh, For fear of such Temptations, to which frail Girls Are very subject, let me never more Be thought fit t' instruct young Gentlewomen, Or deal in Tent-Stich. Whoe'er 'twas that seduced her,

She took my Daughter *Emlin's* Gown and Ruff,
And

And left her own Cloaths; and my Scholars say,
She often would write Letters.

Sea. Why, 'tis right;

Some silenc'd Minister has got her: That I
Should breed my Daughter in a Coventicle?

Mrs. Sea. Pray Husband be appeas'd.

Sea. You are a Fool.

Mrs. Sea. You hear her Mistress could not help it;

Sea. Nor

Your Son help being a Fish.

Mrs. Holl. Why, Sir, was he
The first that was abus'd by Captains.

Sea. Go,

You talk like prating Gossips.

Mrs. Holl. Gossips! 'Slight,
What Gossips, Sir?

Mrs. Sea. What Gossips are we? Speak.

Sea. I'll tell you, since you'll know. My Wife
and you,

Shrill *Mrs. Holland*, have two Tongues, that when
They're in Conjunction, are busier, and make
More Noise than Country-Fairs; utter more Tales
Than blind Folks, Midwives, Nurses. Then no
Show,

Though 't be a Jugler, 'scapes you. You did follow
The Elephant so long, and King of *Sweden*,
That People at last came there to see you. Then
My Son could not be made a Fish, but who
Should I find there, much taken with the Sight,
But you two? I may now build Hospitals,
Or give my Money to Plantations. [*Exit Seathrift.*

Mrs. Sea. Let's follow him, come *Mrs. Scruple*.

Mrs. Holl. Just as your *Sue* left *Mrs. Scruple*, so
Pen. Plotwell went from me.

Mrs. Scr. They'll come again, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE II.

Plotwell, Aurelia.

Plot. Sister, 'tis so projected, therefore make
No more Demurs, the Life of both our Fortunes
Lies in your Carriage of Things well; think therefore
Whether you will restore me, and advance
Your own Affairs; or else within this Week
Fly this your Lodging, like uncostom'd Sinners,
And have your Coach-Horses transform'd to Rent;
Have your Apparel sold for Properties,
And you return to Cut-Work. By this Hand,
If you refuse, all this must happen.

Aur. Well, Sir,
Necessity which hath no Law, for once
Shall make me o' the Conspiracy, and since
We are left wholly to our Wits, let's show
The Power and Virtue of 'em: If your *Banefwright*
Can but persuade my Uncle, I will fit
Him with a Bride.

Plot. The Scene is laid already;
I have transform'd an *English* Poet into
A fine *Dutch* Teacher, who shall join their Hands
With a most learned Legend out of *Rablais*.

Aur. But for my true Groom, who you say comes
hither
For a disguis'd Knight, I shall think I wed
His Father's Counting House, and go to Bed
To so much Bullion of a Man; faith I've
No mind to him: Brother, he ha'n't Wit enough
To make't a lawful Marriage.

Plot. Y'are deceiv'd,
I'll undertake by one Week's tutoring,
And carrying him to Plays and Ordinaries,
Engaging him in a Quarrel or two, and making
Some Captain beat him, to render him a most

H

Ac.

Accomplished Gallant. What he wants in Wit,
 His Fortune amply will make up in Honours:
 When that has purchas'd him Titles and Equipage,
 Who'll be so saucy, as to think he can
 Be impotent in Wisdom? She that marries
 A Fool, enjoys the Privilege of both Sexes;
 She's Man and Wife too, Sister. Besides, now
 'Tis too late to recede; he's here prepar'd
 For *Hymen*.

Aur. Well, Sir, I must then accept him
 With all his Imperfections; I have
 Procur'd a Parson yonder.

Plot. Who is't?

Aur. One

That preaches the next Parish once a Week
 Asleep, for Thirty Pounds a Year.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Here is a Knight desires your Ladyship will
 give him Audience.

Plot. 'Tis he.

Aur. Let him come in.

[*Exit Footman.*]

Plot. If you be coy now, *Pen*,
 You spoil all.

Aur. Well, Sir, I'll be affable.

S C E N E III.

To them Timothy fantastically dress'd, and a Footman

Plot. Here he comes!

Tim. Sirrah, wait me in the Hall,
 And let your Feet stink there; your Air's not fit
 To be endur'd by Ladies.

Plot. What! quarrel with
 Your Footman, Sir?

Tim.

Tim. Hang him, he casts a Scent
That drowns my Perfumes, and is strong enough
To cure the Mother or Palsey. Do I act
A Knight well? *[Aside to Plot.]*

Plot. This Imperiousness becomes you,
Like a Knight newly dubb'd, Sir. *[Aside to Tim.]*

Tim. What says the Lady?

Plot. Speak lower; I have prepar'd her, show
yourself

A Courtier; now she's yours! *[Aside to Tim.]*

Tim. If that be all,
I'll court her; as if some Courtier had begot me
I' th' Gallery at a Masque. *[Aside to Plot.]*

Plot. Madam, this Gentleman
Desires to kiss your Hands.

Tim. And Lips too, Lady.

Aur. Sir, you much honour both.

Tim. Ay, I know that.

Else, I'd not kiss you. Yesterday I was
In Company with Ladies, and they all
Long'd to be touch'd by me.

Aur. You cannot cure
The Evil, Sir, nor have your Lips the Vertue
To restore Ruins, or make old Ladies young.

Tim. Faith, all the Virtue that they have, is that
My Lips are knighted. I am born, sweet Lady,
To a poor Fortune, that will keep myself
And Footman, as you see, to bear my Sword
In Querpo after me. I can at Court,
If I would show my Face in the Presence, look
After the rate of some five thousand Pounds
Yearly in old Rents; and were my Father once
Well wrapt in Sear-Cloath, I could fine for Sheriff.

Plot. Heart! you spoil all.

Tim. Why?

Plot. She verily believ'd
You had ne'er a Father.

}

*Aside to each
other.*

Aur. Lives your Father then, Sir?
That Gentleman told me he was dead.

Tim. 'Tis true,
I had forgot myself; he was drown'd, Lady,
This Morning, as he went to take Possession
Of a Summer-House and Land in the *Canaries*

Plot. Now you've recover'd all.

Tim. D' you think that I
Ha'nt Wit enough to lye?

Plot. Break your Mind to her;
She does expect it.

*Aside to each
other.*

Tim. But, Lady, this is not
The Business which I came for,

Aur. I'm at Leisure
To hear your Business, Sir,

Plot. Mark that!

Tim. Indeed,
Sweet Lady, I've a Motion which was once
Or twice this Morning in my Mouth, and then
Slipt back again for fear.

Aur. Cowards ne'er won
Ladies or Forts, Sir.

Tim. Say then I should feel
Some Motions, Lady, of Affections; might
A Man repair *Pauls* with your Heart, or put it
Into a Tinder-Box?

Aur. What mean you, Sir?

Tim. Why, is your Heart a Flint or Stone?

Aur. Be plain, Sir,
I understand you not.

Tim. Not understand me!
Y'are the first Lady that e'er put a Man
To speak plain *English*; some would understand
Riddles and Signs: Say, I should love you, Lady?

Aur. There should be no Love lost, Sir.

Tim.

Tim. Say you so?

Then by this Air my Teeth e'en water at you ;
I long to have some Offspring by you ; we
Shall have an excellent Breed of Wits ;
I mean my youngest Son shall be a Poet ; and
My Daughters, like their Mother, every one
A Wench o' th' Game. And for my eldest Son,
He shall be like me, and inherit. Therefore
Let's not defer our Joys, but go to Bed
And multiply.

Aur. Soft, Sir, the Priest must first
Discharge his Office. I do not mean to marry

[*Enter a Servant.*

Like Ladies in *New-England*, where they pair
With no more Ceremony than Birds chuse their
Mates

Upon *St. Valentine's Day*.

Serv. Madam, the Preacher
Is sent for to a Churching, and doth ask
If you be ready.

Plot. Tell him she's coming. [*Exit Servant.*

Aur. Sir, please you to taste a slight Banquet ?

Plot. Just as you are fate

I'll steal the Priest in

Tim. Do so, by this Room

She's a rare Lady.

Plot. Nay, Sir, will you enter ?

Tim. Lady, pray will you show the Way ?

Plot. Most City-like!

S'lid, take her by the Arm, and lead her in.

Tim. Your Arm, sweet Lady.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.


*Bright and Newcut.**Bright.* But are you sure they're they?*New.* I'll not believe*My treacherous Eyes again, but trust some Dog
To guide me, if I did not see his Uncle
Coming this Way, and Banefswright with him.**Bright.* Who?*The fellow that brings Love to Banes.**New.* The same, Sir;*The City Cupid, that shoots Arrows betwixt
Party and Party. All the Difference is,
He has his Eyes, but they he brings together
Sometimes do not see one another till
They meet i' th' Church.**Bright.* What say you now, if *Warehouse*
Should in Displeasure marry?*New.* 'Tis so, this Fellow*In's Company confirms me. 'Tis the very Business
Why Plotwell has sent for us.**Bright.* Here they come;*Pr'ythee let's stand and overhear 'em.**New.* Stand close then.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Warehouse and Banefswright.**Ware.* Madam *Aurelia*, is her Name?*Banef.* Her Father*Was, Sir, an Irish Baron, that undid
Himself by Housekeeping.**Ware.* As for her Birth,
I could wish it were meaner. As many Knights
And

And Justices of Peace, as have been of
The Family, are reckoned into the Portion.
She'll still be naming of her Ancestors,
Ask Jointure by the Heralds-Book, and I
That have no Coat, nor can show *azure Lions*,
In *Fields of Argent*, shall be scorn'd; she'll think
Her Honour wrong'd, to match a Man that hath
No Scutcheons but them of his Company,
Which once a Year do serve to trim a Lighter
To *Westminster* and back again.

Banef. You are
Mistaken, Sir; this Lady, as she is
Descended of a great House, so she hath
No Dow'ry but her Arms. She can bring only
Some *Leopard's Heads*, or strange *Beasts*, which you
know

Being but *Beasts*, let them derive themselves
From the cœlestial Globe, and lineally
Proceed from *Hercules' Labours*, they will never
Advance her to a Husband equal to
Herself in Birth, that can give *Beasts* too. She
Aims only to match  that can maintain
Her some Way to her State. She is possess'd
What Streams of Gold you flow in, Sir.

Ware. But can she
Affect my Age?

Banef. I ask'd her that, and told her
You were about some Threescore, Sir, and Ten;
But well and hearty.

Ware. Well, and what replied she?

Banef. She, like a true *Lucrece*, answer'd 'twas fit
For those to marry youthful Husbands, who
Had sensual Appetites: But to a Mind
Chaste and endued with Virtue, Age did turn
Love into Reverence.

Bright. Oh cous'ning Rogue!

New. Pr'ythee observe.

Ware.

Ware. Is she so virtuous then ?

Banef. 'Tis all the Fault she has; she will out pray
A Preacher at *St. An'lin's*; and divides
The Day in Exercise; I did commend
A great Precisian to her for her Woman,
Who tells me that her Lady makes her Quilt
Her Smocks before for Kneeling.

Ware. Excellent Creature !

Banef. Then, Sir, she is so modest too, the least
Obscene Word shocks her; she maintains the Law,
Which forbids Fornication, doth extend
To a Salute.

Ware. I think the Time an Age.
Till the Solemnity be past.

Banef. I have
Prepar'd her, Sir, and have so set you out !
Besides, I told her how you had cast off
Your Nephew, and to leave no doubt that you
Would e'er be reconcil'd, before she went
To Church, would settle your Estate on her,
And on the Heirs of her begetten.

Ware. To make all sure, ~~say~~
We'll call upon my Lawyer by the Way,
And take him with us.

Banef. You must be married, Sir,
At the *French Church*; I have bespoke the Priest;
One that will join you in the right *Geneva* Form,
Without a Licence.

Ware. But may a Man wed
In a strange Tongue ?

Banef. Sir, I have brought together
Some in *Italian*, Sir; the Language doth
Not change the Substance of the Match; you
know

No Licence can be had now: 'Tis too late.

Ware. Well,
Let's to the Lady strait; to cross him, I

Would Marry an *Arabian*, and be at charge
To keep one t'interpret, or be married
In *Chinese* Language, or the Tongue that's spoke
By the Great Cham.

[*Exit Warehouse and Banes.*

Bright. Now, *Newcut*, you perceive
My Divination's true; this Fellow did
Portend a Wedding.

New. Plague o'th' Prognostication,
Who'd think that Madam were the Party?

Bright. What if we,
Before we go to *Plotwell*, went to her,
And strived to dissuade her?

New. Let's make haste, they'll be before us else.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Dorcas and Aurelia.

Dor. Sister, I give you Joy; but, let me tell you,
'Faith, I admire your Temperance, to let
Your Bridegroom go to Bed, and you not follow:
Were I in your Case, I should ha' gone first,
And warm'd his Place.

Aur. Well, Wench; but that thou hast
Reveal'd thyself unto me, I'd admire
To hear a Saint talk thus. To one that knows not
The Mystery of thy strange Conversion, thou
Would'st seem a Legend.

Dor. 'Faith, I've told you all,
Both why I left my Governess, who taught me
To confute Curling-Irons, and why I put
Myself on this Adventure. 'Twas the Hopes
Of my reviving, by some lucky Stratagem,
Your Brother's Love; or finding the true Cause
Of his late Coldness. I was told he kept

I

A Lady

A Lady, and maintain'd her richly : Think
 What I must feel at this ! Straight, I determin'd
 To leave my Governess, and serve that Lady.
 But when I found, on my Admittance hither,
 That the fine Lady, my so much dreaded Rival,
 Was You, his Sister, I admir'd him, lov'd him,
 And must have him or none.

Aur. Well, Wench, my Brother
 Has had his Plots on me, and I'll contribute
 My Help to work thy honest ones on him :
 I'm now thy Brother's Wife, and I'll not rest
 'Till thou art Wife to mine. Thou know'st our Plot;
 Do but perform thy Task well, and thou winn'st
 him.

Dor. Let me alone ; never was a Man so fitted
 With a chaste Bride, as I will fit his Uncle.

Enter Footman, who whispers Dorcas and Exit.

Madam, your Knight doth call most fiercely for
 you.

Aur. Prithee, go tell him some Business keeps
 me yet,
 And bid him stay himself with this Kifs.

S C E N E VII.

As they kifs enter to them Bright and Newcut.

Bright. By your Leave, Madam. What, for
 Practice-sake,

[*Exit Dorcas*
 Kissing your Woman ! Lord, how a Lady's Lips
 Hate Idleness, and will be busied

Aur. Methinks
 Your own good Breeding might instruct you that
 My House is not a new Foundation, where

Y^e

You might, paying the Rate, approach, be rude,
Give Freedom to your unwash'd Mouths.

Bright. We hear
You are to marry an old Citizen.

Anr. Then surely
You were not deaf.

New. And do you mean his Age,
Which hath seen all the Kingdoms buried thrice,
To whom the Heat of *August* is *December* ;
Who, were he but in *Italy*, would save
The Charge of Marble Vaults, and cool the Air
Better than Ventiducts, shall freeze between
Your melting Arms? Do but consider, he
But marries you as he would do his Furrs,
To keep him warm.

Anr. But he is rich, Sir.

Bright. Then,
In wedding him, you wed more Infirmities
Than ever *Galen* wrote of :
A lone Hospital
Were but enough for him.

New. Besides,
He has a Cough that nightly drowns the Bellman;
Calls up his Family ; all his Neighbours rise,
And go by it, as by the Chimes and Clock.
Not four loam Walls, nor Sawdust put between,
Can dead it.

Anr. Yet, he is still rich.

Bright. If this
Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholesome Counsel, and will marry
him,
Let Pity move you. In this Match you quite
Destroy the Hopes and Fortunes of a Gentleman;
For whom, had his penurious Uncle starv'd
And pin'd himself his whole Life, to increase
The Riches he deserves to inherit, it

Had been his Duty.

Aur. You mean his Nephew *Plotwell*,
A prodigal young Man, one whom the good
Old Man, his Uncle, kept to the Inns o' Court ;
And would in Time ha' made him a Barrister,
And rais'd him to the Coif.

But he did neglect

These thriving Means, follow'd his loose

Companions ;

His *Brights* and *Newcuts* ; two, they say, that live
By the new Herefy, Platonic Love,
Can take up Silks upon their Strengths, and pay
Their Mercer with an Infant.

Bright. Newcut !

[*Aside.*]

New. Ay, I do observe her Character.

Well, then,

You are resolv'd to marry ?

Aur. Were the Man

A Statue, so he were a golden one,

I'd have him.

Bright. Pray, then, take along to Church
These few good Wishes ; may your Husband prove
So jealous, to suspect, that when you drink
To any Man, you kiss the Place where his
Lips were before, and so pledge Meetings. Let

Him

Think that you cuckold him, and be you so
chaste,

So curs'd with Virtue, as to fear to wrong him,
And all your Comfort be his Age and Flannels.

Enter Plotwell.

Plotw. Sister, I've left your Bridegroom
Under this Key lock'd in, t' embrace your Pillow.
He was about to fetch you in his Shirt.

Bright. How's this ! His Sister !

New.

New. I conceive not this.

Plotw. My noble Friends, you wonder now to hear

Me call her Sister.

Bright. Faith, Sir, we wonder more
She would be married!

New. If 't be your Sister, we
Have labour'd her she should not match your Uncle,
And bring forth Riddles; Children that should be
Nephews to their Father; and to their Uncle, Sons.

Plotw. I laugh now at your Ignorance. Why
these
Are Projects, Gentlemen; fine Ginns and Projects.
Did *Roseclap's* Boy come to you?

Bright. Yes.

Plotw. I have
A rare Scene for you.

New. The Boy told us you were
Upon a Stratagem.

Plotw. I've sent for *Roseclap*
And Captain *Quarterfield* to be here: I have
Put *Salewit* into Orders; he's inducted
Into the *French* Church. You must all have Parts.

Bright. Prithee speak out of Clouds.

Plotw. By this good Light
'Twere Justice now to let you both die simple,
For leaving us so scurvily.

New. We were sent for in haste.

Plotw. Come with me,
I'll tell you then. But first, I'll shew you a Sight,
Much stranger than the Fish.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Banefswright*
Begs leave to pay his Respects t' you.

Aur. Shew him up.

[*Exit Dorcas.*]

Plotw.

Plotw. Gentlemen, fall off.
If we be seen the Plot is spoil'd. Sister,
Now, look you do your Part well.

Aur. I am perfect.

Plotw. You two slip down the back Stairs (as
for me) [*Afide.*]
I am so far concern'd in the Success
Of this Adventure, I'll make bold to listen.
(*Retires.*)

Enter Dorcas, in a Hurry.

Oh! Sister, *Banefswright*, and my
Vigorous Spouse
(That is to be) are come. I shall spoil all;
I can never hold out; I shall burst with Laughter,
When the old Gentleman urges his Pretensions.

Plotw. Hey dey. Why sure I dream!
Who's this! Her Woman? Did she not call
her Sister?

Aur. Prithee be serious.

Enter Servant, with Banefswright.

Banefsw. Madam, the Gentleman I mention'd to
you,
Waits your Permission for an Audience.
He is in Rapture with the Account I have given
him

Of your Qualifications, the Church and Priest
Are ready; and we only wait for your Consent.

Aur. My Brother, you know, laid the Scene
for me.

We've chang'd the Plot, 'tis now contriv'd my
Woman,

Your old Friend *Dorcas*, undertakes my Part;
She must be introduc'd to *Warehouse* as

The

The Bride by you propos'd to him.—You see
She's somewhat metamorphos'd; she and I
Are nearly ally'd; and better acquainted too,
Than you yet dream.— [*Plotwell* advancing.]

Plotw. I too must first be made
Better acquainted with her e're she's married.

Dor. With all my Heart.

Aur. So! You're well paid for listening.

Dor. Well, Sir, what think you? Do you know
me now?

Can't you yet recollect where you have seen me?
Sure I should know your Face. Methinks you
are like

A certain faithless Swain of mine—who left me—
Left me to sigh and pine,

Plotw. Amazement! How's this! *Dorcas*
Transformed to *Seathrift's* Daughter! and she too
chang'd

From a starch'd Zealot, to a Wench of Spirit;
To a Girl after my own Heart.—Prithee, Sister,
Tell me what means this Prodigy!—

Aur. Why, Matrimony
—Even so.

Dor. Most likely; one Way or the other:
'Tis yours to name the Bridegroom, Sir,—I
must be

Your Wife, or Aunt, that's flat.

Plotw. By *Jove*, no Puritan! [*Taking her Hand.*]
You are my Wife.

Aur. *Banefswright*, call in the Merchant.

Banefsw. I am instructed [*Exit.*]

Plotw. I have ever lov'd you.—I own your
Education

Sometimes gave me a Qualm or two; but since
You've thus o'er-reach'd me, I love you more than
ever.

Act

Act this Part well, and I'll
adore you.

Aur. Away, I hear 'em. [Exit Plotwell.]

Now for your Merchant—Set your Face in Order.

Dor. If he has Darts and Flames I am undone.

Aur. Thou'rt ever in Extremes, one wou'd
imagine

Thy Dress had some Effect on thee—If so
On with thy old Formalities again.

Enter Bansewright with Warehouse.

Aur. Sir, this Lady is a Relation of mine,
And one, whose Fortune I so much intend ;
And yours, Sir, are so fair, that though there be
Much Disproportion in your Age, yet I
Will over-rule her, and she shall refer
Herself to be dispos'd by me.

Ware. You much oblige me, Madam

Aur. Cousin, this is the Merchant
I have provided for you ; he is old ;
But he has that will make him young ; much Gold.

Dor. Madam, but that I should offend against
Your Care, as well as my Preferment, I'd
Have more Experience of the Man I mean
To make my Husband. At first Sight to marry,
Must argue me of Lightness.

Aur. Princes, Cousin,
Do woo by Pictures and Embassadors,
And match in absent Ceremonies.

Dor. But
You look for some great Portion, Sir ?

Ware. Fair Mistress,
Your Virtues are to me a wealthy Dowry :
And if you love me, I shall think you bring
More than the *Indies*.

Dor.

Dor. But, Sir, it may be
You'll be against my Course of Life. I love
Retirement, must have Times for my Devotion,
Am little us'd to Company, and hate
The Vanity of Visiting.

Ware. This makes me
Love you the more.

Dor. Then I shall never trust you
To go to Sea, and leave me ; I shall dream
Of nought but Storms and Pirates. Every Wind
Will break my Sleep.

Ware. I'll stay at home.

Dor. Sir, there
Is one Thing more ; I hear you have a Nephew,
You mean to make your Heir : I hope you will—

Ware. He's so lost
In my Intents, that, to revenge myself,
I take this Course. But to remove your Doubts,
I've brought my Lawyer with blank Deeds :
He shall put in your Name ; and I, before
We go to Church, will seal them.

Dor. On these Terms—and yet—

Ware. What yet? Lady, shou'd you now fly
back,—
And clip the Pinions of my Hopes,—I'm mi-
serable.

But what can cause this sudden Change? Each
Comfort

That Gold and Love can purchase are your own.

Aur. What sudden Qualm is this has seized
you, Cousin?

Dor. The World and evil Tongues will surely
slander this
So sudden Nuptial—The Maiden's Delicacy
Is wounded by it—Permit me to deliberate
A few Months only.

Ware. A few Months, Lady!—Why, Zooks!—

Aur. The Gentleman may be dead before then.

Ware. No, not absolutely dead, but I shall be
The worfe for wear to be fure. Besides my Project,
My Scheme suffers.

Dor. Well, Sir, had you been a young Man, I cou'd not possibly have consented to it: But on Consideration of your Years, the World May acquit me of any indelicate Expectations. And so dispose of me as you please. — Where is The Priest, Sir?

Ware. I'm alive again—He expects me
At the *French Church*.

Aur. Prepare Things for our Coming,
And we will follow instantly.

Ware. I fly, I fly.

[Exit.]

Enter Plotwell.

Plotw. Brave Girls, e faith! away! and take him
'Ere his Mind changes. [*Exeunt.*

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

[illegible]

A C T the Fifth.

S C E N E I.

Plotwell, Aurelia, Bright, Newcut, Quarterfield,
Roseclap, *Two Footmen*, Cypher.

Plotw. **W**ELL, Sister, by this Hand the Event
has happen'd
Lucky beyond my warmest Expectation.
For my own Part, I only aim'd at Wealth,
And to redeem my forfeited Inheritance ;

But

But by your secret Plot, you have far outgone me,
And trick'd me into Happiness and Love.—
I am content, and if she acts this well now,
I will not rest till I can call her mine.

Aur. She is perfect, and hath studied all her Cues.

Plotw. Gentlemen, how do you like the Project?

Bright. Theirs was dull,
And cold, compar'd to ours.

New. Some Poet

Will steal from us, and bring't into a Comedy.

Quart. The Jest will more inspire than Sack.

Plotw. I have explained

Th' Affair to *Cypher* too; he has been up and down
To invite Guests to the Wedding.

Enter Salewit like a Curate.

How now, *Salewit*!

Are they gone by?

Sale. Yes, faith, for better for worse;
I've read a Fiction out of *Rablais* to 'em,
In a religious Tone, which he believes
For good *French* Liturgy.

Plotw. Well, Gentlemen, you all
Do know your Parts; you Captain, and *Banef-*
wright,

Go get your Properties. For you two, these two
Chairmen shall carry you in State, to furnish
The Bride's Apartment—and as for you, Sister,
We'll leave you to your Knight, to come anon.

Sale. And as for me,
I'm an invited Guest, and am to bless
The Venison in *French*, or in a Grace
Of broken *English*.

Quart. Before we do divide
Our Army, let us dip our Rosemaries

In one rich Bowl of Sack to this brave Girl,
And to the Gentleman that was my Fish.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Plotw. Captain, you shall dip first. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Warehouse and Dorcas.

Ware. My dearest *Dorcas*, welcome. Here you see

The House you must be Mistress of, which with
This Kiss I do confirm unto you.

Dor. Forbear, Sir.

Ware. How! Wife, refuse to kiss me!

Dor. Oh! I shall never

Endure your Conversation; I hope you have
Contriv'd two Beds, two Chambers, and two Tables:
It is an Article that I should live
Retir'd; that is, a-part.

Ware. But pray you, Wife,
Are you in Earnest?

Dor. D'you think I'll jest with Age!

Ware. You'll have your separate Bed then!

Dor. Most undoubtedly.

Could you think otherwise? Did ever Man
Of your Years ask that Question? I'm asham'd
Of your Unreasonableness.

Ware. Nay, then——

Dor. Is't fit I should be buried?

Ware. I reach you not.

Dor. Why, Sir, your Bed would be a perfect
Emblem

Of going to my Grave.

Ware. I understand you.

Dor. I'll have your Picture set in my Wedding
Ring

For a Death's Head.

Ware,

Ware. I do conceive you.

Dor. I'd rather lie'n a Tomb. D'you think I'll
come

Between your Winding-Sheets? For what? To hear
you

Depart all Night, and fetch your last Groan.

Ware. I am married!

Dor. Then, shou'd a Dozen good Women of the
Jury

Sit on your reverend Locks, they wou'd find you
as hot

As th' sultry Winter, that froze o'er the *Thames*:
They say the hard Frost first began from you.

Ware. Good, I am made the Curse of Watermen.

Dor. I'm chill'd at th' Sight of you.

Ware. Assist me, Patience!

Why, hark you, Mistress, you that have a Fever,
And Dog-days in your Blood, if you knew this,
Why did you marry me?

Dor. Ha! ha!

Ware. She laughs.

Dor. That your experienc'd Age shou'd be so
dull,

To think I have not them that shall supply
All your Defects.

Ware. You have your Gallants then,
And I am fork'd? Hum!

Dor. Do you think a Woman
Young, high in Blood, would ever wed Dust,
Ashes,

A Monument, unless she——

Ware. Lack'd a Cloak?

Dor. Right! you've just hit my Meaning.

Ware. Plagues and Mischief!

And was there none to make your Cloak but I?

Dor. Not so well lin'd,

Ware.

Ware. Oh then you only staid for
A wealthy Cuckold, your tame Beast must have
His gilded Horns!

Dor. Yes, Sir, you would, I knew
In Conscience wink at Liberties, if I
Took Comfort from abroad.

Ware. Yes, yes, yes, yes!
You shall have Comfort——

Dor. I'll have Friends come to me;
But——you'll conceal——

Ware. Alas! I'll be your Pander,
Deliver Letters for you

Dor. No——not that
I'll have a Woman, that shall do all that.

Ware. Oh Impudence! unheard of Impudence!

Dor. Then, Sir, I'll look your Coffers shall
maintain

Me at my Rate.

Ware. How's that?

Dor. Why, like a Lady:
For I do mean to have you knighted.

Ware. I shall rise to Honour!

Dor. Then I'll have my Footman to run by me
When I visit——

Ware. Footman!

Dor. Or take the Air sometimes in *Hyde-Park*.
D'you think I'll have your Factor move before me,
Like a Device stirr'd by a Wire, or like
Some grave Clock wound up to a regular Pace?

Ware. No, you shall have your Usher, Dame, to
stalk

Before you like a buskin'd Prologue, in
A stately, high, majestic Motion, bare.

Dor. I do expect it; yes, Sir, and my Coach,
Six Horses, and Postilion; four are fit
For them that have a Charge of Children; you
And I shall never have any.

Ware.

Ware. If we have, all *Middlesex* is Father.
Why, hark you, hark you, Mistress, you told me
You lov'd Retirement, lov'd not Visits, and
bargain'd

I should not carry you abroad.

Dor. You! No;
Is't fit I should be seen at Court with you?
Such an odd Sight as you, would make the Ladies
Have melancholy Thoughts.

Ware. You bound me too,
I should not go to Sea; you lov'd me so,
You could not be without me.

Dor. Not if you staid
Above a Year; for should I, in a long Voyage,
Prove fruitful, I should want a Father to
The Infant.

Ware. Most politically kind,
And like a Whore perfect i'th' Mystery.
It is beyond my Sufferance.

Dor. Pray, Sir, vex;
I'll in, and see your Jewels, and make Choice
Of some for every Day, and some to wear
At Masques and Plays. [Exit.

Ware. 'Tis very good. Two Days
Of this I shall grow mad; or, to redeem
Myself, commit some Outrage—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!
[Exit.

Enter Plotwell and Dorcas.

Plot. Poor Man! Faith I cou'd pity him—I
must attack him
The next—Dear *Dorcas* (so I still must call you)
Mean Time retire you to the neighbouring Church;
I'll soon be with you.

Dor. If you shou'd repent;
Pray don't forget who 'twas instructed me
I'th'

I'th' noble Science, Art and Mystery
Of managing a Husband — Think of it.

Plot. I defy you, and am so confident
Of th' Difference of fourscore and twenty-five,
That I dare challenge you to do your worst.

Dor. Nay, if you are so rash, my Warning is
in vain.

Plot. Away my Uncle.

S C E N E III.

Enter Warehouse.

To him Plotwell and Roseclap.

Plot. Sir, I am sorry such a light Offence
Should make such deep Impressions in you ; but that
Which more afflicts me than the Loss of my
Great Hopes, is, that y'are likely to be abus'd, Sir,
Strangely abus'd, Sir, by one *Banefwright*. I hear
You are about to marry——

Ware. Did you hear so ?

Plot. Madam *Aurelia's* Cousin.

Ware. What of her, Sir ?

Plot. Why, Sir, I thought it Duty to inform you,
That you had better match a ruin'd Bawd ;
For such, being past all Vigour, oftentimes
May have a Kind of Chastity, and you
Might keep her to yourself.
But here's a Gentleman,
Knows this to be ——

Ware. An arrant Whore.

Rose. I see

You have heard of her, Sir. Indeed she has
Done Penance thrice.

Ware. How say you, Penance !

Rose. Yes, Sir,

And should have suffer'd ——

Ware. Carting, should she not ?

Rose.

Rose. The Marshal had her, Sir.

Ware. I sweat! I sweat!

Rose. She's of known Practice, Sir; the Cloaths
she wears

Are but her Quarter's Sins; she has no Linnen,
But what she first offends for.

Ware. Oh! blessed Heaven!
Look down upon me.

Plot. Nay, Sir, which is more,
She has three Children living; has had four.

Ware. How! Children! Children, say you?

Plot. Ask him, Sir,
One by a *Frenchman*.

Rose. Another by a *Dutch*.

Plot. A third by a *Moor*, Sir, born of two
Colours,
Just like a Serjeant's Man.

Ware. Why! she has know then
All Tongues and Nations?

Rose. She has been lain with farther
Than ever *Coryat* travell'd, and lain in
By two Parts of the Map.

Ware. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Plot. What ails you, Sir?

Ware. Oh, Nephew! I am not well,
I am not well.

Plot. I hope you are not married.

Ware. It is too true.

Rose. Heav'n help you then.

Ware. Amen.

Nephew, forgive me.

Rose. Alas! good Gentleman!

Plot. Would you trust *Banefwright*, Sir?

Ware. In Hell, Nephew,
There's not a Torment for him. Oh! that I could
But see that cheating Rogue upon the Rack now;
I'd give a thousand Pound for every Stretch,

L

That

That would enlarge his Joints ; I'd have the Rascal
 Think hanging a Relief, and be as long
 A dying as a chopt Eel.
 Who's here, a Sailor ?

S C E N E IV.

To them Quartfield, dress'd like a Sailor.

Quart. Are you, Sir, *Warehouse*, the rich Merchant ?

Ware. Sir, my Name is *Warehouse*.

Quart. Then you are not so rich, by two Ships, as you were.

Ware. How mean you ?

Quart. Your two Ships, Sir, that were now coming Home
 From *Ormuz*, are both cast away ; the Wreck
 And Burthen on the Place was valued at
 Some Forty thousand Pounds. All the Men
 perish'd
 Br th' Violence of the Storm, only myself
 Preserv'd my Life by swimming, till a Ship
 Of *Bristol* took me up, and brought me Home
 To be the sad Reporter.

Ware. Was nothing sav'd ?

Quart. Two small Casks, one of blue Figs, and the other
 Of pickled Mushrooms ; which serv'd me for Bladders,
 And kept me up from sinking. 'Twas a Storm,
 Which, Sir, I will describe to you : [*The Winds*
rose of a sudden with that tempestuous Force-
Ware. Pr'ythee no more, I've heard too much.
 Would I
 Had been 'ith' Tempest.

Quart. Good your Worship, give
 A poor Sea-faring Man your Charity

To

To carry me back again. I'm come above
A hundred Mile to tell you this.

Ware. Go in,
And let my Factor, if he be come in,
Reward thee; stay and sup too.

Quart. Thank your Worship.

[*Exit Quart.*

Ware. Why should I not hang myself? Or if
It be a Fate that will more hide itself,
And keep me from Discredit, tie some Weight
About my Neck, to sink me to the Bottom
O' th' *Thames*, not to be found, to keep my Body
From rising up and telling Tales. Two Wrecks,
And both worth forty thousand Pounds there! Why,
That landed here, were worth an hundred. I
Will drown myself, I nothing have to do
Now in the World but drown myself.

Plot. Fie, these
Are desperate Resolutions. Take heart, Sir,
There may be ways yet to relieve you.

Ware. How?

Plot. Why, for your lost Ships, say, Sir, I
should bring
Two o'th' Assurance-Office that should warrant
Their safe Return? 'Tis not known yet. Would you
Give three Parts, to secure the fourth?

Ware. I'd give
Ten to secure one.

Plot. Well, Sir, and for your Wife,
Say I should prove it were no lawful Match;
And that she is another Man's; you'd take
The Piece of Service well.

Ware. Yes, and repent
That when I had so good an Heir begot
Unto may Hands, I was so rash to aim
At one of my own Dotage.

L 2

Plot.

Plot. We'll take the Sailor with us, and secure him,
So that he shall not stir nor blab.—We will
About it straight.

[*Exit Plot. and Rose.*]

Ware. How much I was deceiv'd,
To think Ill of my Nephew! In whose Revenge
I see the Heavens frown on me; Seas and Winds
Swell and rage for him against me; but I will
Appease their Furies, and be reconciled.

S C E N E V.

To him Seathrift, Mrs. Seathrift, Mrs. Holland,
Mrs. Scruple.

Mrs. Sea. Much Joy to you, Sir, you have made
quick Dispatch.

I like a Man that can love, woo, and wed
All in an Hour. My Husband was so long
A getting me, so many Friends Consents
Were to be ask'd, that when we came to Church
'Twas not a Marriage; but our Times were out,
And we were there made free of one another.

Mrs. Holl. We hear y'have match'd a Courtier,
Sir, a Gallant;
One that can spring Fire in your Blood, and dart
Fresh Flames into you.

Mrs. Sea. Sir, you are not merry,
Methinks you do not look as you were married.

Mrs. Holl. You rather look as you had lost your
Love.

Mrs. Scr. Or else, as if your Spouse, Sir, had re-
buk'd you.

Sea. How is it, Sir? You see I have brought along
My Fidlers with me. My Wife, and Mrs. Holland,
Are

Are good Wind-instruments. 'Tis enough for me
To put on Sadness.

Ware. You, Sir, have no Cause.

Sea. Not I. Ask Mrs. *Scruple*. I have lost
My Daughter, Sir, she's stol'n. Then, Sir, I have
A Spendthrift to my Son.

Ware. These are Felicities
Compar'd to me. You have not match'd a Whore
Sir?

Not lost two Ships at Sea.

Sea. Nor you, I hope.

Ware. Truth is, you are my Friends. I am
abus'd

Grossly fetch'd over. I have match'd a Stews;
The noted'st Woman o'th' Town.

Mrs. *Sea.* Indeed, I heard
She was a Chambermaid.

Mrs. *Holl.* And they, by their Place,
Do wait upon the Lady, but belong
Unto the Lord.

Sea. But is this true?

Ware. Here was
My Nephew just now, and one *Roseclap*, who tell
me

She has three Children living, one Dapple-grey,
Half *Moor*, half *English*, knows as many Men
As she that sinn'd by th' Kalender, and divided
The Nights o'th' Year with several.

Sea. Bless me, Goodness!

Ware. Then, like a Man condemn'd to all Mis-
fortunes,
I have estated her in all I have.

Sea. How!

Ware. Under Hand and Seal irrecoverable.

S C E N E VI.

To them Salewit.

Mrs. Holl. Look, *Mrs Scruple*, here's your Husband.

Sale. Be the leave of the fair *Companée*.

Mrs. Scr. My Husband!

His Cold keeps him at home. Surely I take
This to be some *French Elder*

Sale. Where is

The Breed and Breedgroom? Oh! *Monfieur*, I'm
com't

To give you *Zhoy*, and blefs your *Capon*. Where
Is your fair Breed?

Ware. O, *Monfieur*, you have join'd me
To a chafte Virgin. Would when I come to you
Y'had used your Ceremonies about my Funeral.

Sale. Funeral! is your Breed dead?

Ware. Would she were,
I'd double your Fee, *Monfieur*, to bury her.

Sale. Ee can but leetle *Engliſh*.

Ware No, I fee you are but new come over.

Sale. *Dover!* tere ee landed.

Ware. Ay, Sir, pray walk in, that Door
Will land you in my Dining-Room.

Sale. Ee tank you.

Ware. This is the *Prieſt* that married us.

Sea. This is a *Frenchman*, is't not?

Ware. 'Twas at the *French Church*.

S C E N E VII.

Enter to them a Footman, and two Sedans following.

Foot. Let 'em down gently; ſo.——

Second Footman. They make me ſweat.

Foot.

Foot. My Lady, Sir, has sent a Present to your Wife.

Ware. What Lady, pray?

Foot. Madam *Aurelia*, Sir.

Ware. Oh! ———

Foot. Sir, they are

A Brace of Statues, with which my Lady prays
She will adorn her Chamber.

Ware. Male Statues pray; or Female?

Foot. Why do you ask?

Ware. Because, methinks,

They should be *Mars* and *Venus*——*Bacchanalians*,
Olympic Wrestlers, Or a naked Nymph
Lying a Sleep, and some lascivious Satyr
Taking her Lineaments. These are Statues which
Delight my Wife.

Mrs. Holl. I long to see these Statues.

Mrs. Sea. Pray, will you open 'em?

Footm. My Lady charg'd me

None should have Sight of 'em, Sir, but your Wife.

Ware. Because you make so dainty, I will see 'em.

[*Offers to open the Chairs.*]

Footm. 'Tis out of our Commission.

Ware. But not of mine, Sir.—Help, me Mr.

Seathrift.

[*They open the Chairs, Bright and Newcut, start up,
and stand like Statues.*]

Footm. How d'you like 'em, Sir?

Ware. Our Varlet's, Bawds,

Panders, avoid my House.

[*Beats off Footman and Chairmen.*]

O Devil! are you my Wife's two Idols?

[*They come out.*]

Bright. Sir, you are rude, uncivil,

And would be beaten.

We cannot come in private

On Business to your Wife; but you must be

Inquisitive,

Inquisitive, Sir, thank Heav'n 'tis in your own
House,

The Place protect^e you.

Bright. If such an Insolence

'Scape unreveng'd, henceforth no Ladies shall
Have secret Servants.

Newc. Here she comes, we'll ask her
If she gave gave you Commission to be so bold.

Ware. Why this is rare. [*They whisper.*]

S C E N E VIII.

To them Dorcas.

[*Bright and Newcut whisper her.*]

Dor. He would not offer't, would he?

Bright. We have been

In Danger to be search'd; hereafter we
Must first be question'd by an Officer,
And bring it under Hands we are no Men;
Or have nought dangerous about us, before
We shall obtain Access.

Newc. We do expect

In Time, your Husband to preserve you chaste,
Should keep you with a Guard of Eunuchs; or
Confine you, like *Indians*, to a Room,
Where no Male Beasts is pictur'd.

Dor. I marvel, Sir, who did license you to pry,
Or 'spy out any Friends, that did come to me?

It shews an unbred Curiosity,

Which I'll correct hereafter; you will dare
To break up Letters shortly, and examine
My Taylor, lest, when he brings home my Gown,
There be a Man in't. I'll have whom I list,
In what Disguise I list, and when I list;
And so no prying, peeping, murmuring—think

It

It is an Honour, Sir, to be my Cloak,
And when I please to wear you, shut your Eyes,
Or sleep, you'd best.—

Ware. Mistress, do what you list,
Her Impudence unmans me, and I've lost
All Sense of Injuries.

Sea. You are too patient, Sir,
Send for the Marshal, and discharge your House.

Mrs. Sea. Truly, a handsome Woman! What
Pity 'tis
She is not honest!

Mrs. Holl. Two proper Gentlemen, too.
Lord, that such Statues might be sent to me.

S C E N E *the Last.*

Enter Plotwell, Banefwright, Roseclap,
and Cypher.

Ware. O Nephew, welcome to my Ransom. Here
My House is made a Brothel; Cuckold-makers
Are brought in varied Forms. Had I not look'd
By Providence into that Case, these two
Had been convey'd for Statues to adorn
My chaste Bride's Bed-chamber.

Plotw. I'll ease you, Sir.
We two, this honest Sailor and myself,
Have made a full Discovery of her.

Quart. Sir,
She's married to another Man.

Ware. Ha! Married!

Plotw. 'Tis true.

Ware. Good Nephew, thou art my blest'd Angel.
Who are these two?

Plotw. Two that will secure your Ships,
Sent by the Office. Seal you, Sir, Th'have brought
Th' Assurance with them.

M

Ware.

Ware. Nephew, thou wert born
To be my dear Preserver.

Plotw. It is Duty, Sir,
To help you out of your Misfortunes. Gentlemen,
Produce your Instrument. Uncle, put your Seal.

[*They subscribe, seal, and deliver interchangeably.*]
And write your Name here. They will do the like
To the other Parchment. So now deliver.

Ware. I do deliver this as my Act and Deed.

Banefw. and *Rose.* And we this, as our Act and
Deed.

Plotw. Pray, Gentlemen,
Be Witnesses here, upon a doubtful Rumour
Of two Ships wreck'd as they return'd from *Ormus*,
My Uncle covenants to give three Parts,
To have the Fourth secur'd. And these two here,

[*Seathrift, Bright, and Newcut, subscribe
as Witnesses.*]

As Delegates of the Office, undertake
At that Rate to assure them. Uncle, now
Send for the Sailor and Priest that married you.

Enter Salewit and Quartfield.

Ware. Look, here they come.

Plotw. First then, my plotting Uncle,
Not to afflict you any longer, since
We are quiet now; know all this was my Project.

Ware. How?

Plotw. Your two Ships are richly landed, if
You'll not believe me, here's the Sailor, who,
[*Quartfield undisguises.*]
Transform'd to Captain *Quartfield*, can inform
you.

Quart. 'Tis true old Boy—*Cypher* can tell you all,
'Twas he equipp'd me with this Sailor's Habit.

The

The Lies I told were all my own—"The Winds
Rose of a sudden, with that tempestuous Force"—
Your Ships are safe old Boy.

Cypher. 'Tis very true, Sir,
I hired that travelling Garb of one o'th' Sailors
That came in one of them. They lie at *Blackwall*.
Troth, I in Pity, Sir, to Mr. *Plotwell*,
Thought it my Duty to deceive you.

Ware. Very well, Sir; what are these Maskers
too?

Plot. Faith, Sir, these
Can change their Forms too. They are two Friends.
[*Banefwright and Roseclap undisguise.*]
Worth Three-score thousand Pounds, Sir, to my
Use.

Ware. *Banefworth* and *Roseclap*!

Rose. Even so.

Quart. Nay, old Boy,
Th' hast a good Pennyworth on't. The Jest is
worth
Three Parts of Four.

Barnef. Faith, we hope you'll pay, Sir,
Tonnage and Poundage into th' Bargain.

Ware. O you are a precious Rogue, you ha'
preferred me
To a chaste *Lucrece*, Sirrah!

Banef. Your Nephew, Sir,
Hath married her with all her Faults. They are
New come from Church.

Ware. How!

Plotw. Wonder not, Sir, you
Were married but in Jest. 'Twas no Church
Form,
But a fine Legend out of *Rabelais*.

Sale. Troth, this reverend Weed cast off, I'm a
late Poet. [*Salewit undisguises himself.*]
And cannot marry, unless't be in a Play,

In the Fifth Act, or so ; and that's almost
Worn out of Fashion too.

Plotw. But, Uncle, for the Jointure, you have
made her,

I hope you'll not retract. That, and three Parts
Of your two Ships, will make a pretty Stock
For young Beginners.

Ware. Am I over-reach'd so finely!

Sea. But are you married, Sir, in Earnest?

Plotw. Troth, we've not been a Bed yet, but
may go,

And no Law broken.

Sea. Then I must tell you, Sir,

Y'have wrong'd me ; and I look for Satisfaction.

Plotw. Why, I beseech you, Sir!

Sea. Sir, were not you betroth'd once to my
Daughter?

Plotw. I do confess it.

Sea. Bear Witness, Gentlemen, he doth confess it.

Plotw. I'll swear it too, Sir.

Sea. Why, then, have you match'd this Woman?

Plotw. Why! because

This is your Daughter, Sir? I'm her's by Conquest
For this Day's Service.

Sea. Is't possible

I should be out in my own Child so?

Mrs. Sea. I told you, Husband.

Sea. Here be rare Plots, indeed!

Why, how now, Sir, these young Heads have out-
gone us.

Was my Son o'th' Plot too?

Plotw. Faith, Sir, he

Is married too. I did strike up a Wedding

Between him and my Sister—Look, Sir, here.

Enter

Enter Timothy and Aurelia.

They come, to ask your Blessing both.

Sea. Why this
Is better still. Now, Sir, you might have ask'd
Consent of Parents.

Tim. Pray, forgive me, Sir.
I thought I had match'd a Lady, but she proves—

Sea. Much better, Sir: I'd chide you as a *Fish*,
But that your Choice pleads for you.

Tim. Mother, pray
Salute my Wife: You, Mrs. *Holland*, too,
You taught her to make Shirts and Bone-lace; she's
Out of her Time now.

Mrs. Holl. I release her, Sir.

Ware. I took your Sister for a Lady, Nephew.

Plotw. I kept her like one, Sir; my *Temple*
Scores

Went to maintain the Title, out of Hope
To gain some great Match for her; which you see
Is come to pass.

Ware. Well, Mr. *Seathrift*,
Things are just fallen out as we contriv'd 'em;
I grieve not I'm deceiv'd. Believe me, Gentlemen,
You all did your Parts well; 'twas carried cleanly,
And tho' I could take some Things Ill of you,
Fair Mistress, yet 'twas Plot, and I forget it.
Let's in, and make 'em Portions. The Feast
Intended for my Wedding, shall be yours.

To which, I add, may you so love to say,
When old, your Time was but one Marriage-day.

End of the Play, a Dance by the Characters.

28



EPILOGUE.

Written by *H. L. Esq;*

Spoken by *Mrs. Pritchard.*

*M*ETHINKS I hear some snarling Critic say,
What's all this Stuff?—this Medley of a Play?
With puzzling Plots confus'd from the Beginning,
Without a Moral, and without a Meaning?
The Thing will never do—'tis past all bearing;
'Tis neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-herring.
All this, and more, he heard from me long since,
(But of their Folly who can Bards convince.)
That Fish, I told him, would disgust the Town,
Without good Sauce it never would go down:
“ Lord, why should you, says he, make such a Rout;
“ That I'm the Author some have given out;
“ But you may let these modern Critics know
“ This Play was wrote a hundred years ago;
“ And that, perhaps, may ward the destin'd Blow.
“ To kill the Living, Doctors License plead,
“ And Surgeons are allow'd to hack the Dead:
“ If here and there I've made an Amputation,
“ None can find Fault, for that's my Occupation.
“ Our Art consists in”——something I can't speak,
Some strange, cramp, dev'lish Words, deriv'd from Greek;
Something like X, here is, and Diærese.
And since it is——or some such Words as these;
But what they mean——or why be pitch'd on those,
None but the Faculty, I fancy, knows.
Conscious, our Author dearly lov'd to joke,
And fearful to repeat what he had spoke.
Says I, these Words may have a double Sense,
And draw Pilgarlick in to give Offence:
I hate a Language I don't understand.
When smiling, thus their Meaning he explain'd:
“ 'Tis ours each Part superfluous to destroy,
“ Correct Deformities, and Wants supply.”
In Consultation met at Drury-Lane,
Over these Relicks of old Jasper Maine,

This

E P I L O G U E.

*This was obscene (some said) and that absurd;
Cut here—cut there—cut boldly, was the Word.*

"I care not what they call it—Stuff!—Pitch—Patch!—"

"The wampt-up Schemers—or the City-Match;

"The Play shall take its Chance, find Fault who will—"

"The Plot's a good one—which the House can fill."

Having thus slipt his Collar from the Noose,

No Reputation, as a Bard, to lose;

Nor has he now at Laurel Wreaths aspir'd—

'Twas publick Charity his Genius fir'd:

On that alone he bids your Judgment rest,

And treat him as a Friend to the Distress.

In this good Work join Hand and Heart with him,

And kindly countenance the SCHEMER's Scheme.

F I N I S.



